

GREATER OPPORTUNITY FOR THE CIVIC DEVELOPMENT OF MANKIND.  
By D. AUGUSTUS STRAKER, DETROIT, MICH.

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JANUARY, 1901.

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# THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE

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AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY  
DEVOTED TO LITERATURE,  
SCIENCE, MUSIC, ART,  
RELIGION, FACTS,  
FICTION AND  
TRADITIONS OF  
THE NEGRO RACE



Mrs. C. F. D. FAIRWEATHER, Jr.,  
Newport, R. I. (See page 202.)

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# The Colored American Magazine

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"I GREET THEE, ABRAM," SAID THE NOBLE.

(See page 223.)



# THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.

JANUARY, 1901.

NO. 3.

## ELIJAH PARRISH LOVEJOY.

*The First Anti-slavery Martyr.*

JOHN LIVINGSTONE WRIGHT.

SOME great Americans have been born amid the rugged environments of the old Pine Tree State; men who have left records that the years will not efface. The list comprises soldiers, statesmen, singers and poets, but none, it is safe to say, ever uttered words inspired with the elements of truer heroism and nobler patriotism than found in this paragraph:

"As long as I am an American citizen, and as long as American blood runs in these veins, I shall hold myself at liberty to speak, to write, to publish whatever I please on any subject — being amenable to the laws of my country for the same."

They are the words of a man who understood fully the real meaning and prerogatives of that much-abused term, "the freedom of the press," and the one who promulgated them lived literally in accord with his doctrine, even to the giving of his life. It is over fifty years since the above expression was announced by Elijah Parrish Lovejoy, in the little frontier town of Alton, Illinois. They proved to be words destined to travel far

beyond the prairies, and to remain for all time as a wonderful synopsis of the spirit of Americanism.

Though it is reasonable to assume that Lovejoy did not realize what this agitation over slavery was to develop into, for it was his idea that it might be possible to so arouse the consciences of slave-owners that they would perhaps of their free will set their slaves at liberty, and never, so far as is known, suggested the possibility of armed force, yet the fact is that the death of Lovejoy at the hands of the Alton mob served as the inspiration of the ultimate Civil War.

For these many years the remains of the martyr have reposed in the little cemetery at Alton. Thousands have exalted his memory. The work that he undertook has been evolved into fruition. Assuredly one of the most portentous events of the world took place in connection with this, at the time, supposedly insane vagary of an over-zealous Presbyterian editor. Yet while expensive memorials had been reared to commemorate men

whose careers accomplished not a tithe of the practical good that did Lovejoy's, his grave had been marked by naught than a cheap, insignificant block of Illinois limestone.

Finally the memory of Elijah Parrish Lovejoy was honored on Nov. 7, 1897, the anniversary of the assassi-



ELIJAH PARRISH LOVEJOY.

(Drawn from a silhouette, the only likeness of Lovejoy ever made.)

nation, by the State of Illinois, which dedicated at Alton a monument that in an artistic sense is one of the most beautiful affairs of the kind in the country.

The erection of a monument to Lovejoy had been talked of for years in various portions of Illinois, but the movement never assumed a very practical form until about 1888, when Mr. Thomas Dimmock delivered an address at the Church of the Unity in St. Louis, and emphasized the importance of, in some way, raising funds

to provide a memorial over the grave of the hero-editor. Mr. Dimmock's address was printed and widely circulated by the Lovejoy Monument Association, with the final result that the Illinois Assembly voted an appropriation of \$25,000, under the provision that the Monument Association should raise the additional sum of \$12,500. This was accomplished, and the monument plans took definite shape. The completed memorial cost \$30,000. The general conception of the work is remarkably original, and at the same time harmonious and beautiful in outline. Nothing could perhaps better combine the ideas of fearless, unpretentious American patriotism, and the glories of a free press and free speech than the winged figure of Victory, trumpet in hand, which surmounts the ninety-foot column of this Lovejoy monument. The base of this main shaft consists of a circular plaza forty feet in diameter, and elevated four feet above the ground. It is approached from the west by a broad flight of stone steps, and the rear semi-circle is formed into an exedra wall and seat, which terminates against two pedestals supporting great tripod urns. The steps are terminated by buttresses and flanked by two sentinel columns supporting bronze eagles. The central or grand column representing Victory is of solid granite four feet in diameter, and stands upon a pedestal, the four bronze panels of which represent episodes of Lovejoy's career. There are included pictures of the old Columbia press which was employed in expounding the anti-

slavery doctrines, a bas-relief of Lovejoy, made from a silhouette, the only likeness extant. Under this bas-relief are the words:

ELIJAH P. LOVEJOY,  
EDITOR ALTON "OBSERVER."

ALBION, ME., NOV. 8, 1802.

ALTON, ILL., NOV. 7, 1837.

A MARTYR TO LIBERTY.

"I have sworn eternal opposition to slavery, and by the blessing of God I will never go back."

On the north side appear the words, "Champion of Free Speech," and the paragraph quoted at the beginning of this article. This surmounts a figure representing the press. The east side has this inscription:

MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL.

MODERATOR OF ALTON PRESBYTERY.

"If the laws of my country fail to protect me, I appeal to God, and with Him I cheerfully rest my cause. I can die at my post, but I cannot desert it."

On the west side is the following:

SALVE, VICTORES!

This monument commemorates the valor devotion and sacrifice of the noble Defenders of the Press who, in this city on Nov. 7, 1837, made the first armed resistance to the aggressions of the slave power in America.

The youth of Lovejoy was passed in the ordinary routine of New England farming. His father, Rev. Daniel Lovejoy, was a Congregational minister, and possibly from him the son acquired his taste for books and study. At any rate, all of Elijah's spare hours were thus employed. After a

short season at Monmouth and China academies, he entered Waterville College, graduating with the highest honors in September, 1823. For some time after leaving college he taught school. He grew interested in the prevalent enthusiasm over the new West, and the year 1827 found young Lovejoy in St. Louis, Mo. School teaching and writing for the newspapers occupied his attention.



LOVEJOY'S PRINTING OFFICE, ALTON, ILL.

From random poetical effusions and short dissertations upon local subjects, he gradually gravitated into journalism as a profession, and in 1828 was a member of the St. Louis *Times* staff. He finally obtained such a standing as made him prominent with the Whigs, and he could have undoubtedly had a good showing in the political field. However, with a religious revival in the winter of 1831-2,

there came a complete change in young Lovejoy's plans and purposes. He became a member of the First Presbyterian Church, then under the pastorateship of Rev. W. S. Potts. At the solicitation of his pastor, Lovejoy went East to the Theological Seminary at Princeton. In April, 1833, he was licensed to preach at Philadelphia. Friends urged him to come out to St. Louis and start a religious newspaper. The first number of the St. Louis *Observer* appeared Nov. 22, 1833. In the summer of 1834 the editor announced himself an anti-slavery advocate, and began to write upon this subject in the *Observer*. Prominent citizens of St. Louis warned Lovejoy that such a course would not do; that the discussion of slavery in the paper would surely lead to trouble. This gives one a chance to reflect upon the marvelous change between that day and the present. This young man was known for his religious character and intelligence. He was the editor of a church paper. He in no wise hinted at the use of force in setting the slaves free. His theory was that slave-owners should be reasoned into seeing the enormity of keeping slaves. Indeed, he once said that he did not believe anti-slavery could be brought about in any other way. Yet so fixed was the doctrine of slavery that the public was determined that the righteousness of the matter should not even be questioned. The individual who visits the bustling St. Louis of today could hardly conceive that this town ever held such extraordinarily radical views. Take, for

instance, this passage in the *Observer* of April 30, 1835:

"Gradual emancipation is the remedy we propose. This we look upon as the only feasible, and indeed the only desirable, way of effecting our release from the thralldom in which we are held. In the meantime the right of all classes should be respected and the work be proposed, carried on and finished as one in which all classes are alike interested, and in which all may be called upon to make sacrifices of individual interests to the general welfare of the community."

Certainly there was nothing very violent about such propaganda as that. Compared to the utterances of Wendell Phillips, they are as the melodious strains of Ovid to the Catalinian invectives of Cicero. And yet those words set St. Louis wild at the time they were published.

In all fairness it must be recorded that leading citizens of St. Louis, foreseeing what would undoubtedly happen, and having some estimate of the innate worth of young Lovejoy, did their best to induce him to cease publishing views on slavery. They did this, beyond doubt, from a sincere desire to protect him from what they felt was likely to result in his death. Their efforts were bound to be futile, since Lovejoy was working for something deeper than fame. Things moved rapidly. The printing-press was destroyed. The office was moved across the river to Alton, in the free state of Illinois. The feeling there was intensely bitter, and thrice was the press destroyed, each time to be



replaced by a new one, and worked by the indomitable Lovejoy. A public indignation meeting was held. Lovejoy was requested to be present, that he might defend himself if he could, against the charges made. There were some able men at that meeting, and they tried, on their part, to convince Lovejoy that his duty, in consideration of existing con-

a confessedly innocent man, for no cause but that he dares to think and speak as his conscience and his God dictate. Will your conduct stand the scrutiny of your country, of posterity? Above all, of the Judgment Day? For remember, the Judge of that day is no respecter of persons. Pause, I beseech you, and reflect. The present excitement will soon be



THE MOB ATTACKING THE WAREHOUSE.

This building is Godfrey & Gilman's warehouse, where Lovejoy was murdered.

From an old and rare print.

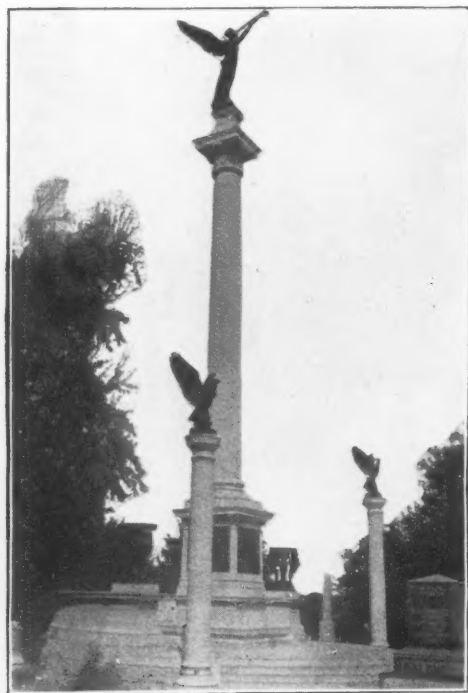
ditions, lay in silence. The reply of the editor was a masterpiece. Although there is not room to present it herein in full, still one passage will serve to show that this man was a prophet.

" . . . You have courts and judges and juries; they find nothing against me. And now you come together for the purpose of driving me out,

over; the voice of conscience will at last be heard. And in some season of honest thought, even in this world, as you review the scenes of this hour you will be compelled to say: 'He was right. He was right.'"

Though some abusive speeches followed, the crowd present became convinced that it was useless to try to drive Lovejoy from Alton. Those

who were friendly to law, if for no reason of favor to the doctrines of the *Observer*, agreed to do what they could to prevent mob violence. A constable was appointed to guard Lovejoy's office, and the mayor decided to personally command the Law and Order League. A new press was put in a warehouse on Second street, on the night of Nov. 6, 1837,



THE NEW LOVEJOY MONUMENT.  
Grand View Cemetery, Alton, Ill.

and as no mob appeared, it was believed that danger for the immediate was perhaps past. Therefore a portion of the guards was withdrawn. Among those who had assisted in raising the press into the third story of the warehouse, which was thought to be secure against mob attack, was the Rev. Edward Beecher, president of Illinois College, at Jacksonville. Mr. Beecher, thinking that matters

were temporarily in better light, returned the following night to his home. Early in the morning, however, the mob appeared, large in numbers and fully armed. Unheeding the appeals of the mayor and other officials who were present at the building, the mob leaders avowed their determination to have possession of the press at all hazards. Ladders were brought and lashed together, and thus the roof was gained and fired. The mob presently retreated and placed itself in ambush. Lovejoy came out, probably thinking he might still be able to influence the rabble by something he might say. He had scarcely shown himself ere five rifle bullets were buried in his body. He retreated within, and actually managed to climb to the second story before he fell.

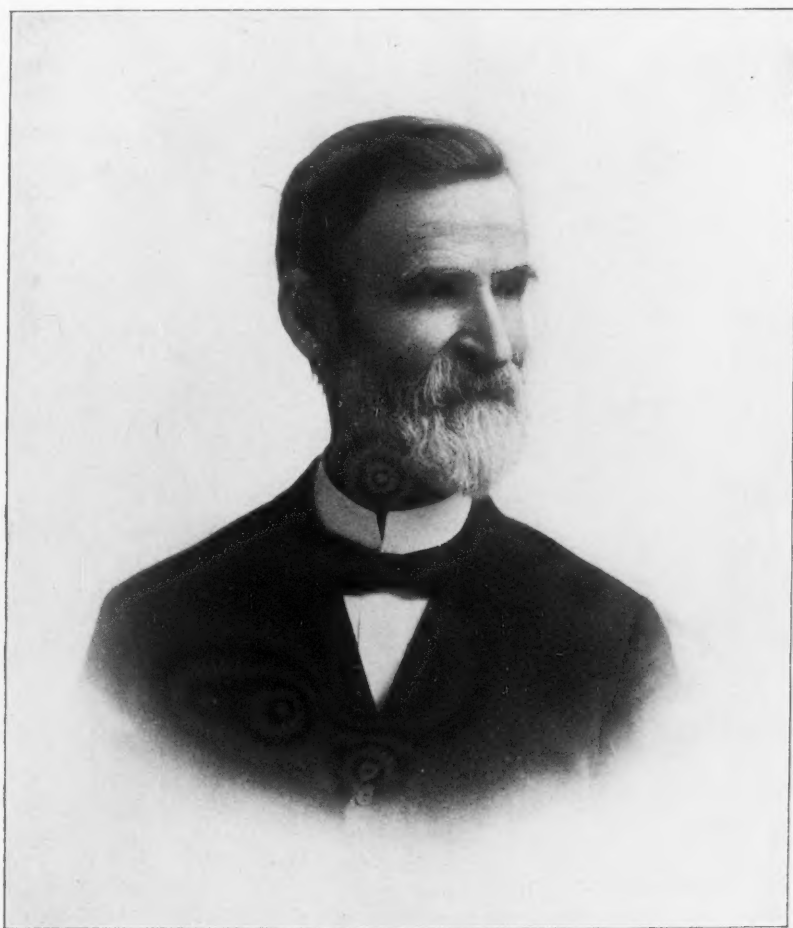
Thus perished Lovejoy.

Immediately succeeding the news of his death, Rev. Beecher, in telling of how, when he had left Alton on the 6th, he had thought the indications more favorable to the safety of Lovejoy, concluded thus:

"Vain hopes! How soon to be buried in a martyr's grave. Vain! did I say? No; they are not vain. Though dead he still speaketh, and a united world can never silence his voice. Ten thousand presses, had he employed them all, could never have done what the simple tale of his death will do. Up and down the mighty streams of the West his voice will go. It will penetrate the remotest corner of our land; it will be heard to the extremities of the civilized world." Another prophecy.

**VIRGINIA UNION UNIVERSITY.***With Illustrations of the New Buildings.*

ON May 18, 1900, on an elevated plateau once crowned by formidable earthworks, a part of the defences of Richmond during the Civil War, the Virginia Union University, erected near Richmond, Va., principally through the labors and munificence of the Baptist Home Mission Society.



M. MACVICAR, LL.D., PRESIDENT VIRGINIA UNION UNIVERSITY.

eloquent and scholarly T. J. Morgan, LL.D., delivered a remarkable address, dedicating to the education and elevation of the Negro race the splendid buildings and attractive campus of

This society, organized in New York City in 1832, was more especially intended to promote the spread of Christianity, and where possible, of Baptist faith and church fellowship

in the then great unsettled West, and more especially in the valley of the Mississippi, then the home of many powerful Indian tribes, and the theatre of a great movement in colonization and settlement. As the great westward wave of American migration prepared new fields of labor, the work and

This work, so far as the slaves of the South were concerned, was almost completely broken off in 1848, by the division which estranged the Baptists of the South who could not agree with those of the North on the subject of human slavery. In 1898, at Fortress Monroe, the impregnable



DEAN HOVEY'S RESIDENCE.

burdens of the society were increased in both their scope and variety, and extended over the whole country from east to west, and of late into Alaska, in the farthest northwest; to Eastern Cuba and Porto Rico in the southeast, and to some extent into Mexico. It has always carried on an active missionary work among the colored people of the Southern States.

fortalice of federal power in Virginia during the late war, the Baptist representatives of both contending forces met together to agree upon the scope of their common duties to the colored race, and to pledge themselves anew to more united and strenuous labors for that greater measure of true justice and equal rights which can be fully obtained only when the ability





GENERAL VIEW OF VIRGINIA UNION UNIVERSITY BUILDINGS AND GROUNDS.

to enjoy is conferred with the boon of possession.

The orator in a most logical manner, but with great eloquence as well as logic, set forth the signification of the successful projection and accomplishment of this institution. A few of the principal thoughts inspired by his oration are of interest to all, but

range of human history; it inculcates the soundest ethical principles which are to be determining forces in influencing conduct and regulating character; it strives to awaken a spirit of unrest and discontent in any unworthy station, and to implant aspirations often the noblest and best that is attainable."

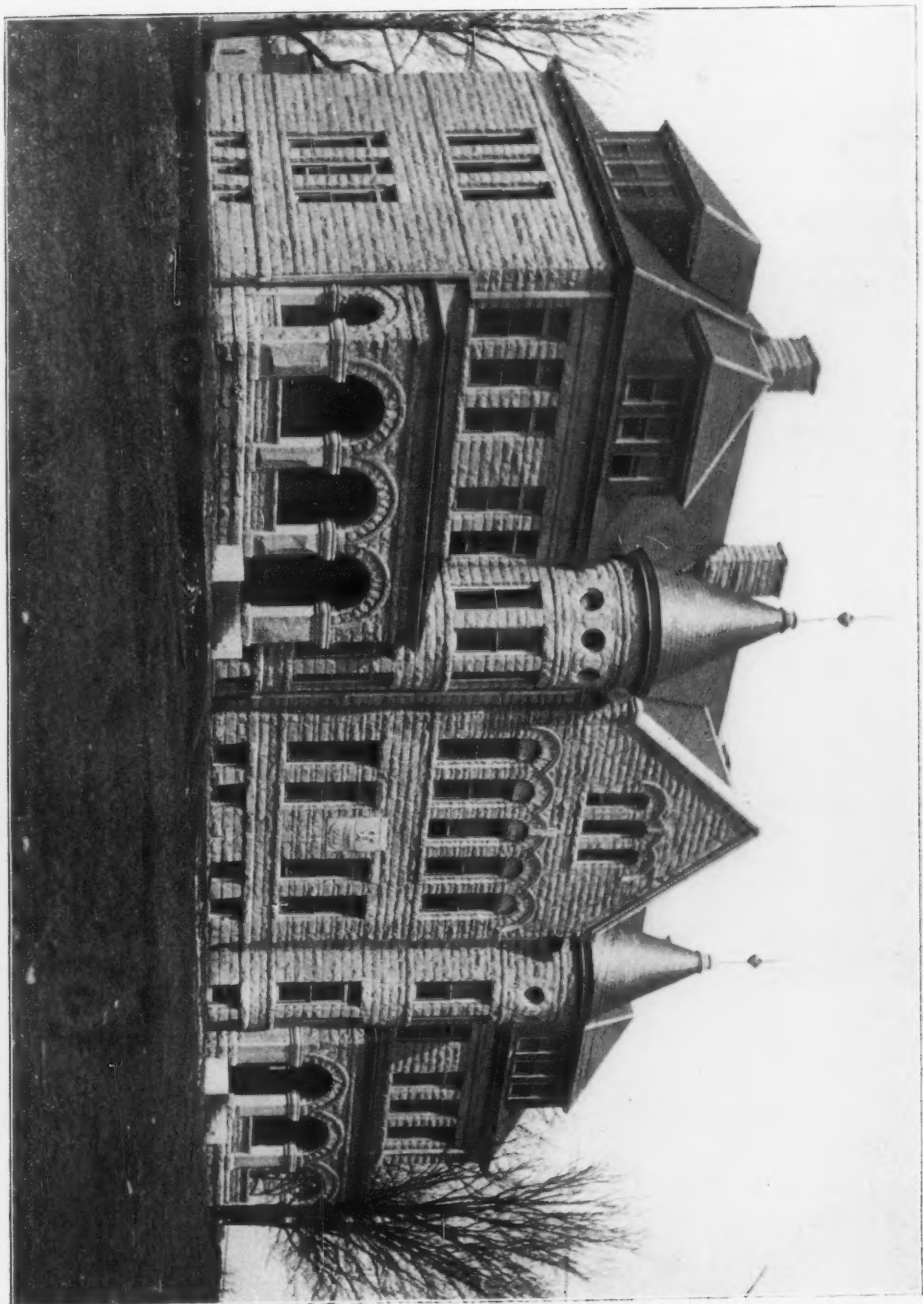


PRESIDENT'S RESIDENCE.

even more especially to the colored youth of both sexes who believe that God has implanted in their hearts certain natural ambitions, which they have both the desire and the ability to realize. He said of the University:

"It seeks to implant in young minds new ideals of life; it sets before them the highest models of human conduct gathered from the whole

The significance of these last sayings is in strong contrast to the pronounced policies of equally prominent educators who have chosen to discourage that spirit of "noble discontent" which looks forward to something more than the acquisition of a paying handicraft and the gradual acquisition of a recognized equality through the possession of real-estate



PICKFORD HALL.—VIRGINIA UNION UNIVERSITY.

and portable property. While both institutions have their recognized value and just claims to the esteem and support of the colored American, there is no doubt that no great stride forward in the pursuit of equal rights and the highest privileges and achievements have ever been attained by any

religious, patriotic, intellectual or social prominence.

While it is true that races of men through generations of homely toil and monotonous efforts, may gradually attain to a recognized status among the peoples of the world, such has never been the case with such



KINGSLEY HALL — DORMITORY.

race through the "slow but sure" method of commercial and industrial development.

It has always required enthusiasm of a high order, such fire and fervor as is struck out of the flint by the steel to amplify the bounds of human and Christian freedom, and to call a race from one sordid plane of existence into the brighter life of a higher

race as have been foremost in the world's history, at least during that part of their career which succeeded to their conception of an existing civilization better than their own. The sudden acceptance by great multitudes of the teachings of Christ, Confucius, Zoroaster, Mohammed and Buddha, and the adherence thereto of many who were persecuted





MARTIN E. GRAY HALL—DINING-HALL.



COBURN HALL—CHAPEL AND LIBRARY.

and suffered for the sake of what they believed to be the truth, is an unmistakable evidence of the necessity of



GEO. F. GENUNG, D.D.,  
Dean Richmond Theological Seminary.

such institutions as will afford the greater souls of a down-trodden people that preparation for a great mission which will enable them to become the evangelists of mental, moral or religious awakening.

He advocated to the splendid and lasting architectural beauty and dignity of the new college buildings, as emblematic of a usefulness, not for months or decades, but for generations: a usefulness which shall gather virtue and dignity from the very antiquity of their continuous services as temples of Christian learning, religious worship and social elevation.

It was with unusual eloquence that the orator spoke of the fact that the completion and dedication of these buildings were "in harmony with the spirit of the age. We stand on the

threshold of the twentieth century looking back upon the most magnificent cycle of a hundred years in human history." Looking backward upon the vista of human progress, which from darkened and narrow paths had widened into the broad and effulgent status of existing civilization, he happily reverted to the humble elementary teachings of the founders of this work, in the narrow precincts of "pumpkin's jail," and the "academic, normal, collegiate and theological departments, which offer to their students a range of studies and a breadth of culture, comparing favorably with similar institutions, established and maintained



REV. GEORGE R. HOVEY,  
Dean Wayland College.

for the training of young men, who are the heirs of a thousand years of civilization and education."

It does one good in this era of little-souled teachers in great universities to hear or even to read such sentiments as the following: "This institution symbolizes liberty; God has implanted in every human heart the desire for freedom. Every healthy normal being who has come to a full consciousness of his dignity as a child of God, desires to be master of himself, to choose his own occupation, determine his own domicile, direct his own movements, be recognized by his fellows as an individual capable of self-direction and under the necessity of calling no man master." . . . "Every generation requires the training which schools only can impart, that shall prepare its members to take their place in society and meet the increasing duties and obligations devolving upon them; each generation needing a broader culture and a more thorough training than its predecessor, because of the enlarging sphere of human duties and the growing complexity of modern life."

"In addition to this general need of preparation for life, the young Negro men and women of today are confronted with the fact that race prejudice and traditional inferiority impose conditions upon them which amount practically to a kind of bondage."

"The founders of this institution have not stopped to inquire minutely and critically as to whether the Negro is the equal with the white man or not, but they have recognized in him a man, made in the image of God, endowed with capacities for knowing

and doing, and have sought through the instrumentality of learning and training, to awaken in him all his dormant powers, and to stimulate him to put forth his best efforts to achieve all that it is possible for him to achieve in this life."

"If we should admit," he continued, "for the sake of argument merely, the inferiority of the colored race, I submit that even that does not constitute any valid reason against making provision for their education. Their weakness, instead of being an argument against it, is an argument in favor of it, in order that they may not suffer unduly by their natural inferiority, if they have such. Besides this, those who seek the welfare of the so-called "superior race" could probably do it in no better way than in providing schools of learning for the colored people; for their success and even their rivalry would be a stimulus and a spur that would have a tremendous influence in hastening the development of the so-called superior race."

We regret that space forbids the publication of many other timely, forcible and eloquent sayings, which plainly and unmistakably declared the purpose of the Virginia Union University to be to fit its colored graduates for any position in life, and so far as possible to demand for him the recognition of all truly just, generous, and manly and womanly Christian souls. It would, however, be unjust not only to the speaker, but to our readers were we to omit the whole

of his references to the "defects of industrial education." He says:

"In the current discussions of to-day much is said about the 'industrial education' of the Negro, in contradistinction to their so-called 'higher education.' The distinction between the two types or degrees of education is not always clearly marked. There is a class of publicists who, when they speak of the need of industrial education, seem to have in mind the idea that the Negroes are a class by themselves, destined to be 'hewers of wood and drawers of water,' and that consequently the great desideratum is to give them that skill of hand by which they shall become producers, self-supporters. Reduced to its lowest terms, this means that they as 'the laboring class' are to be taught only trades, handicrafts, including farming, carpentering, blacksmithing, brickmaking, shoemaking, and other branches of industry known as the mechanic arts. Too much cannot

be said in favor of such practical training of the young of the rising generation of any class of people as shall lead them to look upon labor as dignified, and shall seek to give to each individual such mastery of himself and of such a trade as shall secure for him and his a decent living.

"Any theory of education, however, which stops with this rudimentary training in trades, is essentially defective. In the first place it will utterly fail of accomplishing its own purpose. He who is only a laborer will be a poor laborer; he who is only a mechanic will be a poor mechanic. Every scheme of industrial training which begins with making a student master of the rudiments of industry, should look to that training of the brain, that enlargement of the outlook, that quickening of the intelligence, that shall develop among the multitude the few master minds capable of becoming captains of industry."

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## MISS WILKINS, M.D.

*Or, The Millville Mystery.*

EDWARD ELMORE BROCK.

WHEN the last touches had been given to the old Gray Cottage by the painters and carpenters, in the effort to make it more habitable after its having been vacant for two years or more, there was a restless curiosity among the villagers as to whom the new occupant was to be. That it was to be tenanted by someone foreign to the neighborhood was no longer

a speculative conjecture, since the executors of the Gray estate had vouched this much information, without going further into the details.

And it so happened that on the morning of the day upon which the future tenant's things were drawn up in front of the newly painted stoop, that there were any number of the villagers whose especial business it



was to pass back and forth in front of the house, in the endeavor to get a closer view of the newcomer. And as she came up the main street of Millville on this beautiful cloudless morning in June, her ears, even had they wished to, could not be deaf to the many criticisms that were passed upon her.

"Yes," said Silas Godfrey to Isaac Newcomb, just as they came abreast of her, "she's a mighty likely lookin' miss, sort o' uppish lookin' though, you can see that. I don't think she'll be took to by our folks hereabouts,—that is, on the go-off; but p'haps she'll kind a thaw out after a little."

"Don't judge her too quickly, Silas," answered his companion. "Give her time, Silas. Yes, give her time, and mebbe she'll turn out better than you think."

"At any rate, I hope so," replied Silas Godfrey gravely. And as they continued their walk on down the street the subject suddenly switched off onto other matters.

"Umph!" sneered Mrs. Dora Richardson, as she leaned over her gate opposite the Gray Cottage, while chatting with her friend, Nance Little. "Needn't be a holdin' her head so high, as though she was all the Lord ordered. Just as good folks in Millville as she ever dared t' be. Didn't even deign t' notice us. Seems t' me, Nance, if 'twas me a movin' 'mong strangers, I wouldn't a passed 'em by without bowin', anyway. She's from the city, I swa'th, or else she'd a had better manners."

There is no telling just how far she would have run on in this strain, had

not just at this juncture their attention been diverted from the newcomer by a rough-and-tumble fight between two dogs across the street.

"It's strange t' me," said Adrian Marsh, head deacon in the first Baptist Church of Millville, and whose homestead joined the Gray Cottage, speaking across the table to his wife as they sat at supper that same night, "that Bluxome would rent the Gray Cottage to a lone woman, 'specially without ascertainin' somethin' of the feelings of the neighbors in the matter. It's a very queer piece of business, to my thinkin', and he will certainly know my feelings in regards to it tomorrow. He ought certainly to know that in a Christian community like Millville such a thin' will not be tolerated. Who knows anythin' as to who or what this woman is? Not a soul in Millville, and I dare say not even Bluxome himself; and still, I suppose we'll be expected to extend to her the right hand o' fellowship and admit her into the sanctity of our homes. As one endeavorin' to live an upright life, I'm not averse to doin' this, but then we certainly ought to know somethin' of her past life, that's how I feel about the matter."

He had talked on so rapidly that it was not until he reached over to replenish his empty plate that Mrs. Marsh got a chance to get in a word edgewise.

Anne Marsh was one of those practical little women who always weighed everything in the balance ere she would allow herself to express an opinion, but when she did speak her words had considerable

weight. So when her husband had reseated himself she said:

"Adrian Marsh, I be ashamed o' ye, to be allowin' yourself to run on likes o' that manner; you who's always a pridin' yourself on your Christianity and the hopefulness o' a future life. Now, I ain't agoin' to sit here and have ye a talkin' likes o' that. Don't it say in the Bible likes o' this: 'Judge ye not wrongfully, lest ye too shall stand condemned in the eyesight o' the Lord?' You don't know neither but what she may be all right; so I say wait awhile in your judgment for fear you'll be a kickin' yourself for bein' too hasty later on."

It was seldom that Adrian Marsh and his wife became involved in an argument, nor did he intend that there should be one in the present case. Therefore he merely said: "Mebbe you be a right after all, mother; yes, we'll wait and see."

A month passed, and still the people of Millville did not succeed in getting any nearer to a solution of the mysterious stranger than they had the first day she came among them. That there was some mystery — of love and romance — concealed beneath this seclusion on her part, had long since become a gossiping rumor throughout the village, and conjectures were rife on every hand, although when traced to their true sources they evaporated into nothing positive, any more than anything positive was even known as to her maintenance. One rumor, but from what source was never definitely learned, was to the effect that she

had had a sailor lover who had sailed away a year before, never to be seen or heard of — he or his ship — since that time; and that broken-hearted she had simply drifted to Millville. This rumor was somewhat strengthened, since often long into the night a light was seen burning in a certain room of the Gray Cottage. Silas Godfrey couched his sentiments in regard to it thus:

"She's a keepin' it a light fur him, I reckon, when he comes back from the sea."

But if Millville was in a fever of excitement before, the ripple was still further broadened when the people awoke one morning to see hanging over the doorway of the Gray Cottage a small sign with the following inscription:

MISS WILKINS, M.D.

Thus by this means they received the first inkling as to who the newcomer was, or what her mission among them intended to be. But for some time previous to this, it had been noticed that once a week she would leave the house with a large, well-wrapped, though oddly shaped bundle, and would take the train going to the city, always returning in a like manner. This peculiar proceeding was looked upon by the neighbors as being somewhat queer, and they were not lukewarm in expressing their sentiments anent the affair; more especially since not a case of sickness in the village had

ever been known to come to the female physician. That she should continue to reside in Millville and yet get no practice only served to envelop the mystery in a deeper haze.

So when Mrs. Richardson came out upon the porch to get the morning paper the newsboy had left and saw the little sign swinging to and fro in the zephyrous breeze, she gave vent to a fit of laughter as she hurried back to the dining-room where her husband was at breakfast, to proclaim the news.

"For the land's sake, Hiram, what d' you think?" And as he simply gave a negative nod of the head, she continued: "Why, the new neighbor across the way is a doctor,—a woman doctor. Now what in the name o' the Lord d' you suppose Millville needs with a woman doctor, 'specially when old Doctor Flanders don't get 'nough practice t' eke out a decent living? All's I've got to say she'll have t' pull up stumps here if she don't want t' starve to death."

"Umph!" soliloquized Silas Godfrey to himself, as he passed the Gray Cottage on the way to his shop, after looking up at the sign: "Won't get any practice in Millville, I'm a thinkin'. Never was much on women doctors, anyhow; old Flanders is quite good 'nough for all the Godfrey family, and when he ain't easy to hand,—well, there's always plenty o' castor ile, liniments, jimsen weeds, sass'fras, an' the likes o' that on hand for emergency."

Old grey-haired Doctor Flanders closed the door upon the one solitary

patient that had entered his office that day, and as he re-entered his office, might easily have been heard to remark:

"Umph! a woman doctor, they say. Just one case for me today. I wonder where she'll come in? Poor outlook for any kind of a physician, I'm a thinking. Well, she's welcome to all the practice that don't come this way." And he gave just the slightest chuckle of a laugh.

In fact, ere the sun had ascended far on its course in the sky, the whole of Millville was apprised with the news of the woman doctor.

The next morning the Rev. Charles Calvin, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Millville, sitting at his desk in his cosy study, had put the finishing touches to his sermons for the following Sabbath's services, and had started once again upon the chapters of a religious novel on which he had been at work for some time. Suddenly he stopped, and putting his pen down looked over toward his wife, who sat half-inclined on a couch reading a late magazine, and remarked:

"No use; I can't write any more on my book this morning, dear, especially while my thoughts are of other things."

"Why, what's troubling you?" asked his wife in a sympathetic tone.

"I have just realized that I've been so busy lately in regards to my literary efforts that I have been blinded to my ministerial duty. You know for some time there has been a stranger within our gates. She has

not so far been in attendance at any of our services, and as the pastor of this parish I have certainly neglected my duty in not calling upon her. There has, too, I learn, been much unfavorable comment in reference to her since she came here; that being the case, it is more than imperative that we should call to see her, and endeavor to get her in attendance at our meetings."

"I, too, have been thinking seriously lately over this same matter, dear," replied his wife, "and had intended speaking to you in reference to it, but thought it best to wait until you had finished your book. But now that you have broached the subject, suppose we drop over to see her this evening?"

"Very well, we'll do so right after supper."

That evening their knock was answered by Miss Wilkins, who after a cordial greeting ushered them into the parlor,—a room while not luxuriantly furnished, bore all the deftness of exquisite feminine touches. After the minister and his wife had become snugly ensconced in their seats, the conversation drifted pleasantly from one subject to another, until at last it fell upon the professional woman.

"Yes," said Reverend Calvin, "I am glad to see the independent spirit manifesting itself in the gentler sex to invade more and more the professions; it's a healthy tone of the times. Now take your profession,—that of medicine,—it is one of the greatest"—

He did not get a chance to complete the sentence, being interrupted by Miss Wilkins, who at this juncture gave vent to a fit of laughter.

"M-e-d-i-c-i-n-e, me a physician; how absurd!" And again she burst forth into laughter, while the Reverend and his wife looked on in bewilderment.

"I have a profession," she went on, "but it is not a medical one. Come." And as she arose she beckoned them to follow. Reaching the rear end of the room she drew aside the portierres through which an entrance was gained to the next room, and as she did so the pastor and his wife were more bewildered than ever. They saw before them a room around whose walls were arranged any number of shelves, upon which were dolls of all varieties,—the very dreams of the dressmakers' and milliners' art. A long, bare table occupied the center of the room, on which were many others in various stages of disrepair: some without eyes, some without legs, and some without heads. There were also bowls of pinkish and red paints, brushes, lumps of wax, a profusion of wigs, and many other tools used by doll-makers. On the table also was a typewritten letter, which Miss Wilkins took therefrom and handed to the reverend gentleman to read. It was from one of the large department stores, and ran:

MISS LOUISA WILKINS, Millville.

*Dear Miss:* We have been referred to you by Messrs. Thatcher, Simpson & Thatcher, who inform us



that you have been employed by them for a number of years.

We are preparing for our annual summer clearance sale, and find that we have any number of dolls left over from last year's stock which we wish to put on sale at that time, but find many of them shopworn, while some are sadly in need of repairs. This being in your line, we would be

glad to have you call at our store at your earliest convenience.

Very truly yours,  
R. H. LACY & CO.

And thus once again Millville was in a state of feverish excitement when it learned the news: that the woman doctor was not a woman doctor at all, but merely a mender of dolls.

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## GREATER OPPORTUNITY FOR THE CIVIC DEVELOPMENT OF MANKIND.

D. AUGUSTUS STRAKER, DETROIT, MICH.

THE unsettled condition of society everywhere is the reason for calling attention to this subject. In speaking of man in society I do so regarding him in the most comprehensive term—mankind. It is conceded that society in its economic and social state is at unrest everywhere. The nineteenth century has seen the development of man in art, science and literature, in a greater degree than ever before witnessed. Upon the stage of human activity during this, what may be termed golden age of thought, have appeared men and women who have given to society for its highest development the sublimest thoughts and deeds—Tennyson, Gladstone, Bismarck, Holmes, Tolstoi, Huxley, Spencer, Froude, Rubenstein, Newman, Manning, Frances Willard, Susan B. Anthony, Harriet Beecher Stowe, and others, have lived and died, as bright stars in the constellation of human thought and activity. The harmony of the progress of man has rolled on, evolving, by

invention and discovery, the hidden powers of nature and the hitherto unknown capacity of human intellect, bearing witness that God made man in his own image. This expression, as delivered unto us by the Scriptures, is vast in its extent of meaning. It involves man's possibilities, spiritually and materially, and declares them limitless. Its corollary, showing how these possibilities are to be reached, is again given us by teachings of the Holy Word, in the language of the great teacher of mankind, Christ the Savior, in his precept: "Be ye perfect even as God your Father in heaven is perfect." These two declarations, evidence that man was created a creature of development along a ladder, social and spiritual, with one end upon the earth, God's footstool, and the other reaching unto the heavens, at the foot of his throne. Thus to attain this stage, man's social attributes must be developed. The social nature of man is the distinguishing feature between him and the

brute creation. Where instinct leaves off reason commences for the use of society, just as a distinguished divine has truly said: "Where reason ends faith begins," for the purposes of the immortality of the soul. In all this man's first need is opportunity. This earth is the stage of man's opportunity for the development of his higher powers, higher than the brute, and for higher purposes. God gave man dominion over the earth; for what purpose but to develop his powers upon the earth? And what is society, but man's development upon the earth in the aggregate? In order to perfect this development, man has need of society, as established by a law as unerring as that of any other natural law; namely, the law of the selection of affinities. As water and oil do not mix, neither will man and brute associate for mutual development. Hence for mutual development man must have his affinity, which is his fellow-man. In society this development begins with the family in the marital state, and treads its way through government, science, art, literature, morality and industry. This last is the handmaid by which the others move in their spheres. Society is said to have arisen through man's need in his primitive condition, which is but another expression for the selection of his affinities, which always take place where weakness and strength combine for an end. It is so in peace and in war.

But society differentiates in its selection as do the laws of atoms, in establishing the principle of "the survival of the fittest"; not meaning,

as I take it, "might over right," or oppression or power over weakness, but an equal opportunity in competition.

In the selection of affinities the law of harmony prevails as unerringly as the sun shines by day, the moon by night, the planets revolve in their course, and the seasons recur in their periods, but all under the law, and yet one star differeth from another in glory and magnitude. It is then the duty of man to enlarge and promote the enlargement of opportunity for the development of mankind, in all that pertains to his advancement beyond the brute creation. These are laws enjoined upon us from creation. And yet it appears in divers periods of man's history upon earth, that a constant struggle has been going on through the violation of the laws of human development—the individual has been swallowed up in society, and to his disadvantage. Society has moored off the original plan, to supply the needs of mankind in an orderly and effective manner, and is launched anew into a protecting organization of the classes against the masses, instead of protecting the masses against the classes. The first idea of social organization was doubtless of a tribal character, for the purpose of government. This form of government grew and developed, until social and religious interest were divided into religious and social classes, for moral and industrial purposes, dominating the central idea, and constricting the freedom of selection of affinities, thus introducing centralized power, instead of equal

opportunity. This was first seen in the struggle for religious liberty, or the opportunity to worship God according to the dictates of man's conscience. The Roman Empire in its rule over the world gave the rein of human control in nearly every respect to the Church, and by this method swallowed up the State in the Church. Ecclesiastical corporations as trustees for material wealth, taught human greed to the extent of having the few benefited without reciprocal advantage to the many. The masses were hoodwinked by the cloak of ecclesiastical rights and ceremonies from observing their individual rights, which they unwittingly turned over to the few. Human endeavor was circumscribed, and human distinctions arose in the division of tribune and plebian. The original plan of dividing the spoils of war among the victors, soon changed into dividing the spoils of war between the king or emperor and his few chiefs, and thus an aristocracy of classes arose, and individual endeavor was restricted in its opportunity for general advancement and development. Even in war religious monasteries, too, circumscribed education within its walls. The opportunity to read the Holy Scriptures was denied the masses, and shrouded in a language not generally spoken, and only by the few understood.

Under this system frauds were perpetrated, and the civil statute of Mortmains held sway, by which the property of the individual at his death, instead of entering the community of the masses from which it

had been gathered, and like a river flowing into the sea of human endeavor, was by corporate methods meandered into a lake having no outlet, as are most organizations of today of corporate nature: political, social or industrial. Thus men at an early time began to consolidate and control the few over the many, and the original purpose of society was thus turned from its primitive purpose of the necessities of mankind to the benefit of the rulers. The press assailed this innovation upon the original principles of human society, and this usurpation of human government, which had the general accretion of corporate character and the right to govern, reached the belief that "the king could do no wrong, and that the Pope was Peter's vice-regent," to whom the latter had intrusted the keys of the Church, which by a singular construction of ecclesiastical power meant also the State; until thus, concrete control reached the high idea that it could and should control human speech, and any utterance which was deemed reflectory upon the integrity of the ruler was deemed treason.

Opportunity as given by God to mankind, and not to a few, to seek and promote its highest development as a race of beings, and reason so given that in the competition for development man could have dominion over the brute creation, was so deprived him that it had become intolerable to the English barons at Runnymede. There the protest for enlarged opportunity in civil affairs was made, and the famous Magna

Charta of human rights, in greater opportunity for human suffrage, was demanded, and reluctantly granted by a feeble-minded king. In the twelfth century began the struggle for greater opportunity among the English barons — a struggle which increased in strength with opposition, a struggle which soon found that society not only in its form of government, but in all its parts, was assuming the attitude of the tyrant and oppressor, instead of the protector and benefactor, and the individual was fast being driven from social protection into exile, under the pretence of being too weak, because ignorant, poor, uneducated, black, Chinese, Indian or the like; and that the law of human rights, the right to be governed only by your own consent, the right to enjoy the blessing of government as founded for the welfare and happiness of all mankind, was fast slipping away from its grantors.

This condition, born of wrong and oppression, but which some choose to deem a physical development, only expressing itself in "the survival of the fittest," is still with us at the present day, manifesting itself in periods of social upheaval. Civilization is a growth, and is only acquired by the opportunity for the individual to grow. It is, indeed, but the maximum growth of the individual, as barbarism is man in his lowest condition, without opportunity for development in the exercise of reason in the activities of life. Opportunity is greater or less in proportion to the scope of freedom. Hence slavery is

always seen in its effort to deprive its victims of opportunity. Slavery is the lowest scale of human freedom. It cuts off the opportunity of the subject to develop. He is kept within the lowest compass. All slavery is alike in effect though differing in kind and application. Dominion having been given by God to man could not have been intended to be exercised by man over himself, but over another of a different type; hence it is that man innately resents slavery in all its forms.

This has been made manifest at certain periods. Sometimes by classes, as seen in social religious struggles, as in the Reformation of the sixteenth century. At other times by individuals, beginning with Moses in Egypt, and followed by St. Paul during the Christian era, and by Cromwell in England, Luther in Germany, Joan of Arc in France, Toussaint L'Overture in Hayti, William the Silent in the Netherlands, and Washington and Lincoln in the United States. In all these struggles it has been the endeavor of the reformer to give mankind a greater opportunity for development. The first evidence of freedom of social development is seen in the condition of the social-civic world. This is the great question which presents itself for man's consideration at the present time. There is a social upheaval everywhere, and in different forms. Everywhere discontent rests among the masses. In the last fifty years certain social orders and organizations have arisen, some directed at reform of existing evils, others tend



to destruction of society in any representative form whatever. The cry is unequal taxation and no representation. Unequal taxation is unequal representation. Social disorder is the product of social discontent. This calls for a readjustment of opportunity, a greater opportunity than is now possessed by a large majority of the masses. When we look around what do we find to be the condition of the masses? I reply, unequal opportunity and unjust restraint. Instead of a government of the people there is a government by the few. In short, the present form of representative government if not a total failure, is manifest injustice, inasmuch as the consent of the governed is destroyed. The divine right of kings has been substituted for the divine right of wealth and monopolies. As soon as a few men acquire wealth, instead of seeking to benefit mankind by their wealth, they seek to put the iron foot of restraint and exclusion upon their fellowman, and to build a Chinese wall around their wealth to prevent its dissemination. Thus it is we see vast corporations, trusts and monopolies controlling the function of government, created "by the people for the people"; thus it is we see riches stalking in the presence of the poor, offering to bestow charities in the building of poorhouses and establishing of charitable associations, and giving large donations of money for the poor and the building of costly churches and almshouses, while it denies an equal opportunity with itself to secure the means of honorable

support. Ralph Waldo Emerson said: "Give no bounties; make equal laws, secure life and property, and you need not give alms. Open the doors of opportunity to talent and virtue, and they will do themselves justice, and property will not be in bad hands." Men are not mendicants by choice, but by necessity. They dislike to receive alms instead of rights from those whom they have enabled to get riches. They only ask greater opportunity to exercise their skill and labor, and for just and adequate compensation. They demand that these barriers to self-development be thrown down, or they will tear them down themselves. This is the social disorder of which so many people complain, and which they sometimes falsely call *anarchy* and *socialism*. This is the condition which confronts us today. It is not a theory, but a condition; a condition from which the people will assuredly rid themselves, as did the English barons at Runnymede and the American colonies in 1776, a condition so fearful in its results as to cause so profound a philosopher as Professor Huxley to say: "If there is no hope of a large improvement of the condition of the greater part of the human family, I would welcome the advent of some kindly comet to sweep it all away." This is not the language of some ward politician, nor office seeker, nor anarchist, nor even trades unionist, but the sober contemplation of a profound philosopher. And what has caused Professor Huxley to thus exclaim? It is because he finds

that social development is being hindered and retarded, so that what should be evidence of the progress of mankind is in truth and fact man's retrogression. That our social development is unsound at the core; that riches, the development of science, the progress of art, the advancement of bare literary achievement, the telegraph, the telephone, the steam railway, electricity, are only developments of the brain and not the heart, and that by an inverse ratio as science advances, social development of the human family either stands still or retrogrades. In London, Eng., with its magnificent edifices, its luxury in wealth, its advancement in science and in art, its extended commerce, thirty per cent of its population are of the poor class. In thirty-seven districts, with a population of 1,179,000 people, forty to sixty per cent of said people are poor. Read the condition of the people of London in 1842, as depicted by Charles Kingsley in his novel "Alton Locke," and say whether or not the social condition of the laboring classes has kept apace with what is termed civilization. Investigate the slums of New York, enter the tenement of the working classes in that great city as elsewhere, and tell what availeth it in ameliorating so sad a condition of mankind. That science produces the telegraph, the telephone, or that the locomotive speeds its way at a mile a minute, proves not civil progress. The labor strikes which have occurred in this and other countries mean more than what they seem. They are the har-

bingers of social revolution such as the Netherlands produced, and which are so graphically described by Motley in his "Rise and Fall of the Dutch Republic"; such as the sixteenth century witnessed in the fall of the Bourbons in France; and such as took Charles I. of England to the scaffold. In each of these periods the cry was for greater opportunity for the masses, more equity and less law in the privileges of social development, an overhauling of social tendencies, an investigation of the causes of poverty and crime. A greater opportunity for human development will lessen crime and ignorance among the masses. "Society," says Kidd, "is being organized by classes into huge battalions, the avowed object of which is, making war on each other. We have syndicates, corporations, federations of capital, on the one side, and trades unions and federations of labor on the other; and all this is called by the scientific phrase of 'social phenomena.' And the remedy called for is the education of the masses." But Mr. Henry George declares that "to educate men who must be condemned to poverty is but to make them restive. To base on a state of most glaring social inequality, under which men are theoretically only equal, to stand a pyramid on its apex." Mr. de Lavaleye a few years ago said: "The message of the eighteenth century to man is: 'Thou shalt cease to be slaves of nobles and despots who oppress thee.'" Says another: "Only one hundred years ago society was apart; since then

the wants and requirements of every part is regulated by economic laws, bewildering in their intricacy. With a nervous system of five million miles of telegraph wire and an arterial system of railway, the old bonds of society have been loosened, old forces are becoming extinct, whole classes have been swept away, and new classes have arisen. Vast displacements of population have, and are still, taking place. In this change the rich grow richer and the poor grow poorer. Wealth is attributed to the introduction of machinery, which increases capital by reducing production to a minimum. But what does it profit the worker that knowledge grows, if all the appliances of science are not to lighten his labor? Wealth may accumulate, and public and private magnificence may have reached a point never before attained in the history of the world; but wherein is society the better if the Nemesis of poverty still sits, like a hollow-eyed specter, at the feast?"

I would fain stop here and content myself with what I have said concerning the social development of mankind but I am constrained to ask attention a few moments longer, while I refer to the injustice of society, in withholding full opportunity to any of its members for full social and manhood development. Society may be likened unto a chain: it is only as strong as its weakest link. It is only truly strong when all its links are equal in power and constituency.

It is known that in our midst exists a class of people who have been shut

out from social development for upwards of two hundred and fifty years, excluded from all social privileges, under a cruel and relentless system of human bondage, in which no social privilege or right of manhood development was permitted them. Human competition for the development of true manhood ripening into the image of the Divine Creator is denied this class—the survival of the fittest is not allowed, for in competition only can such result be achieved. There can be no fittest where there is no just and equal competition, and yet we know such deprivation is shown to a class of human beings, and is still exercised towards them today upon no other grounds than a deep-seated prejudice against their color. Hear what Mr. Laird Cloues of England has said upon this phrase of the question "of greater opportunity for the Negro," which is but equal opportunity for all. "In the midst of democratic civilization," says he, "and under its forms and cover, the war of races is waged as effectively as in any other state of society."

Throughout the South the social position of the man in whose veins Negro blood courses is unalterably fixed at birth. The child may grow to be wise, to be wealthy, to be intrusted even with responsibilities of office, but he always bears with him the visible marks of his origin, and these marks condemn him to remain forever at the bottom of the social ladder. To incur this condemnation he need not be by any means black;

a quarter, an eighth, nay, a sixteenth of African blood is sufficient to deprive him of all chances of social equality. A white man may be ignorant, vicious and poor, and every opportunity is afforded him to progress in the march of life, but the black or colored man, no matter what his personal merits may be, is ruthlessly shut out. A line has been drawn, and he who from either side crosses that line has to pay the penalty. If it be the Negro who dares to cross, cruelty and violence chase him promptly back again, or kill him for his temerity. If he be white, ostracism is the recognized penalty. All this, and more, particularly and characteristically within the pale of that vigorous Anglo-Saxon civilization of which we are so proud, and which to many of us is associated with all the most worthy ideals of liberty, religion and government that the race has evolved. This is the language of the Anglo-Saxon himself, in which is so truly depicted the inequalities of social privileges between the white and black citizens, and proves the necessity for greater opportunity for the weaker race, for full manhood development. Says one: "Broadly speaking, the social problem is a problem of how to so organize the world that all men may be equally secure in the material means and social resources needful for a complete life. The hope of the social reformer is to open wide the gates of opportunity, so that every creature, from the least to the greatest, may make his life a moral adventure and a joy, and exhaust his

possibilities in the thing he can do best. All that is good in civilization must be for equal use of all, in order that each man may make his life most worth while to the common life and to himself; and there must be equal freedom for each to choose the work that will best fulfill his serving capacity and individuality."

This question of social equality is greatly misunderstood or studiously perverted. It is confounded with domestic rights, which means the rights of the home or family. With these I have nothing to do. The laws of individual selection govern, and not the laws of society. It is no good excuse why a colored man should be denied employment in a store, bank or vocation of a trade because he is black, any more than to give employment to a white man because he is white. This is social prejudice; and as no man would submit to be tried for his life, or submit his property rights to a jury prejudiced against him, so ought no man to hold prejudice against his fellow in his struggle for manhood's development. The distinction is a difference only in mode, but is exactly alike in principle. It is no excuse to reply: "Am I my brother's keeper?" If you are a patriot you will love your country's citizens. It is well known that a colored man or woman in these United States is handicapped in their effort for social development. He is indeed the opportunity for development along the lines of industrial effort, by the very classes who themselves are struggling for greater



opportunity. Trades unions in one way or another exclude him from their craft. He is denied the knowledge of handicraft by those possessing the knowledge of the same. He is excluded from the counting-house, the merchant's store, the office and the club. He may be a janitor, but cannot be a clerk; he may be a porter on a steam-car, but not a conductor; he may sweep the lawyer's office, but cannot become his law-partner, his typewriter, or his stenographer; he may buy of the merchant, but cannot become his clerk; he may carry the hod, but cannot contract for the building. He is confined to a few vocations, as teacher, preacher, or farmer. He receives alternately kicks, and blessings grudgingly bestowed. To what does all this tend? It inevitably must disorganize the elements of society, and set them warring, one with the other. It dwarfs the mind and debases morals. I am at a loss for the philosophy which impels a man to endow a college with ten thousand dollars, and then subsequently impels him to refuse service of one of its graduates, in any civil employment he may be engaged in, on the ground of color or race. But the greater question is, what will be the effect of this general system of ostracism on the laboring classes in general and the Negro in particular? And what is the remedy for such a social condition? I do not believe that the money question is the chief discordant condition of the elements of society in the United States, since this discord is to be found well nigh

in every civilized community in the world. This term civilization, when viewed in the light of our social troubles, is itself an anachronism and a source of ridicule. It is not so much as to how far right the monetary ratio of 16 to 1 is, as in the language of the Irishman, "The trouble is nothing to ate." The effort at reform should not itself draw distinctions, for the reason sought to be remedied is common to all. We are confronted with a condition, not a theory. The condition is one of restriction of human development and energy. Beginning with the tax system, as at present practised and followed by corporations and corporate trusts, charter franchises, and even clubs and societies, the practice is to restrict the benefits to be derived to the few. Why is it that we have of late so many clubs of all kinds, from the Cooks' Club to the Federation of Labor Clubs and the Political Clubs? It is because the individual finds society in its dealings unable to benefit the masses. The individual must join the club to get the benefit of society; he then restricts others as he was restricted. He must join the concentrated power of the few over the many, or else be crushed in the march of its Juggernaut. Some say education of the masses is the great need; but Henry George in his "Progress and Poverty" truly says: "Education is only education so far as it enables a man to move effectively, and use his natural powers. Compel a man to drudgery for the necessities of animal existence and

he will lose the incentive to industry. If you would have the slave show the virtues of the freeman, you must make him free." By this is not meant to take the shackles and fetters from his limbs only, but from his endeavors to rise in the scale of progress. It is the fullness of injustice to tie a man's hands and feet and then bid him walk.

A greater opportunity is needed for the betterment of mankind. A greater opportunity is needed for those who are struggling along the pathway of life in their endeavor to rise in the march of progress and civilization. I therefore appeal to you of the stronger race to help the weaker. I appeal to you to discern between taking one into your home or your family, and giving him an opportunity to labor so that he may develop such a manhood as is in him. I appeal to you to remember that love of country means love of its highest welfare, in which is included all of its citizens. I appeal to you to remember that in sending our citizens to foreign shores to aid a struggling race to obtain their God-given rights, and to maintain national honor, we have entered a page of civilization brighter and more noble than the world has ever seen since Christ died for man. I appeal to you to remember that those you would shut out at home from securing an opportunity to develop themselves in civil, industrial and political advancement,

stood by you in this struggle with Spain, shoulder to shoulder at Siboney and San Juan, showing bravery and courage hitherto unsurpassed in warfare. I appeal to you for greater opportunity for this race of people whom I believe, in the near future, God will bring out of the furnace of oppression strong and noble sons and daughters of this Republic. The polished ebony is no less beautiful than the crystal marble, but both need the hands of the sculptor or artisan to evolve its beauties; so likewise man needs opportunity for development of all his powers, that he may appear in the image of his Creator, and become a noble and useful citizen to his country.

I believe the time is near at hand when race prejudice will be a thing of the past in these United States. There will be a Bodicea of modern times, who will assert the rights of her sex; as there will be a Moses among us who will melt the heart of the Pharaohs of modern times. Christianity will make manifest the peace of good-will towards all man, among high and low, rich and poor, black and white alike.

"Let us pray that come it may,  
As come it will for a' that;  
That sense and worth o'er a' that earth  
May bear the gru and a' that;  
For a' that and a' that  
It's coming yet for a' that  
That man and man the world o'er  
Shall brothers be for a' that."



THE SACRIFICE OF ABRAHAM.

(See page 229.)

From the painting by Rembrandt at Munich.

## HERE AND THERE.

[Under this heading we shall publish monthly such short articles or locals as will enable our subscribers to keep in close touch with the various social movements among the colored race, not only throughout the country but the world. All are invited to contribute items of general views and interest.]

### Rev. JAMES H. HOLMES.

A PALL of sorrow enveloped the preparation of the holiday festivities in our historical city upon the James,



THE LATE REV. JAMES H. HOLMES.  
Richmond, Va.

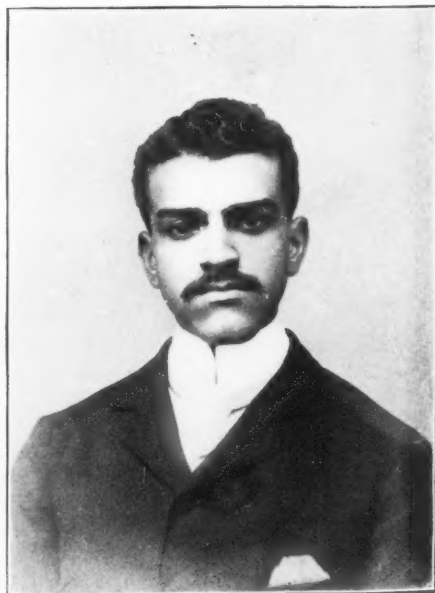
casting a gloom which will take time in its wingless flight many days to dispel. No denomination, creed, sect, race or political belief was in question as to the sorrow caused by the death of Rev. Dr. James H. Holmes, late pastor of the First Baptist Church of Richmond, Va.

The reformed drunkard, the wayward woman, the agnostic, the blasphemer, all bowed to the inevitable will of our Supreme Ruler, thankful for the contact which had brought them under the kind influence of this man of God.

He was born in King and Queen County, Va., Dec. 9, 1826. His

service with the above church began in 1855 as deacon, from which he was elected pastor, in which capacity he served thirty-four years, making his influence for good felt wherever he went. Rich and poor, Jew and Gentile, came to pay their last respects, while churches, organizations and colleges sent resolutions of condolence. A diamond needs no beautiful setting to display its lustre. So the Rev. Dr. Holmes surpassed the surroundings of his day and time.

Dr. David A. Ferguson was born in Portsmouth, Ohio, June 8, 1875. He began the study of dentistry in June, 1889, at Bowling Green, Ky.,



DR. DAVID A. FERGUSON.  
Richmond, Va.



in the office of Dr. E. T. Barr. In 1892 he returned to Portsmouth, Ohio, and entered the office of Dr. C. P. Dennis, at the same time attending



ALONZO MILTON SKRINE.

New York, N. Y.

Author of the poem "The Negro's Worth," published in our December issue.

the Portsmouth High School, from which he was graduated in June, 1896. In October, 1896, he entered Howard University at Washington, D. C., to complete his course in dentistry. Having had seven years of experience before entering college, he had no trouble in leading his class, which was graduated in May, 1899, and he also gained a reputation as a skilled operator at the dental infirmary. In November, 1899, Dr. Ferguson went to Richmond, Va., and was examined for a temporary certi-

cate to practice, until the regular meeting of the State Board on June 12, 1900, at which date he appeared before the Virginia State Board of Dental Examiners, was successful, and is the first colored dentist ever given a certificate by that state. He is now located at Richmond, Va., and is advocating, through THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE, the organization of a Colored National Dental Association, to meet annually.

Allen A. Wesley, A.B., M.D., of Chicago, Ill., is late major and surgeon U.S.V.I., president of staff and attending surgeon to the Provident Hospital, member of American Medical Association, Chicago Medical Society, Association of Military Surgeons of the United States, etc. Dr. Wesley prepared a very able and exhaustive paper on "The Spanish-American War as seen by the

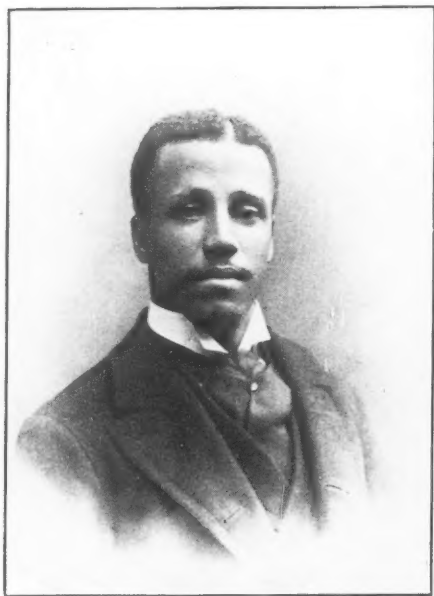


MAJOR ALLEN A. WESLEY.  
Chicago, Ill.

**EDITOR'S NOTE.**— For the benefit of all dental practitioners we request the names and addresses of all the colored dentists who are practicing in the United States and foreign countries, to be sent to this office. Let everybody respond at once, and thereby assist the race in a grand undertaking.

Military Surgeon," which was read before the Association of Military Surgeons of the State of Illinois at its meeting in Chicago April 10, and, at the request of the eminent founder of the National organization, Colonel Nicholas Senn — before the Association of Military Surgeons of the United States, at its meeting in New York City, May 31 to June 3, 1900.

The subject of this sketch, Thomas Morris Crump, is a young man born



THOMAS MORRIS CRUMP.  
Richmond, Va.

since the close of the Civil War, in Richmond, Va. After leaving school he secured employment with the Singer Manufacturing Company. His stay there was of a short duration. Feeling that he could best promote his interest in a different sphere of labor, he accepted a position with the *Richmond Planet* (of which Hon. John Mitchell, Jr., is

editor and proprietor,) as general bookkeeper and collector, being later promoted to the position of assistant manager. When the Nickel Savings Bank, an institution founded and conducted by colored men, determined to establish a branch more easily accessible to its increasing up-town patronage, they with the consent of Mr. Mitchell (in whose building the "Branch Bank" was established) selected Mr. Crump as their manager, in which capacity he served with the greatest satisfaction. It was with many regrets that on June 10, 1899, he severed his connection with the *Richmond Planet* and the Nickel Savings Bank to assume a responsible position with the Southern Aid Society. Mr. Crump is one of the most widely known young men in the city, from a business, social and fraternal point of view. He has the honor of being for his fourth term the Grand Keeper of Records and Seal of the Grand Lodge of Virginia, Knights of Pythias, N. A., S. A., E., A., and A., and is also a Mason and Odd Fellow. Mr. Crump is a strong race advocate, and especially partial to young men succeeding in business. He is easily approached, affable, and withal a pleasant man to meet.

#### THE SEPTEN CLUB OF NEW BEDFORD, MASS.

This club is composed of seven (as its name signifies) young ladies of New Bedford, Mass., and Bridgeport, Conn., organized for the betterment of their separate qualifications; they seem to blend into one harmo-

nious whole as to their aspirations along the musical, social and literary lines.

Its personnel contains Miss Emily May Morgan, daughter of Capt. Noah Morgan, of a coasting vessel hailing from New Bedford.

Miss Morgan is of a literary and musical turn, fond of outdoor sports,

a voice of good depth. She is the organist of the Union Baptist Church.

Miss Grayce Hawley of Bridgeport, Conn., is acquiring a very substantial profession, that of dentistry, and has succeeded in turning out many good specimens of her prowess.

Miss Augusta Hawley of Bridgeport is what you may style an "all-



THE SEPTEN CLUB OF NEW BEDFORD, MASS.

and quite a traveler, having made many voyages with her father.

Miss Gertrude Douglass (daughter of Dr. F. M. Douglass, a prominent pharmacist of New Bedford) is also literary and musical, coupled with a good local reputation as a delineator of character sketches.

Miss Eleanor Wilson is a social favorite in many cities. Her musical development lies with the "life's study"—the violin.

Miss Maybel Wilson is blessed with

round traveler," as she seems never to be more delighted than when on the go.

EDWARD ELMORE BROCK.

AUGUSTUS M. HODGES.

It has been my aim in days of yore to speak the unpainted truth about the merits and demerits of our great, would-be-great, our eminent and would-be-eminent men and women, or else hold my pen in curb. This sketch of the life of Edward Elmore

Brock, the talented young Negro journalist and author of New York City, is no exception to the rule, al-



EDWARD ELMORE BROCK.  
New York, N. Y.

though he is a literary chum and a personal friend—a friend in the fullest meaning of the word. Therefore in writing this sketch of his life I believe that I am in a position to know whereof I speak when I say that he is winning a place in *belles lettres* that is destined in time to put him in the fore ranks of Negro writers.

Mr. Brock was born in Brunswick County, Virginia, in 1865, of superior Negro parentage, and spent his early boyhood at City Point, in the state of his birth. In 1875 he left his home upon the banks of the famous James River and came to New York City, where he has since resided.

As an author of song, romance and story he holds, in my opinion, the third place. His writings are realistic, romantic, up-to-date and pointed. His style is of the highest class, and many of the publishers of his work believe him to be a white novelist.

He is also the possessor of one of the finest and most valuable collections of newspaper clippings extant, comprising twenty-two volumes, the work of fifteen years research.

The name of Edward Elmore Brock is one that was not born to die. I feel honored to be his personal and literary friend, and with my twenty odd years of observation, feel safe in predicting for him a bright literary future.

In this issue will be found an article on "Decoration for the Home," from the pen of Mr. J. Roy Barreau.

Mr. Barreau is a young man who for twelve years has been connected with the art of interior decorations, and has been employed in beautifying the homes of many families in the



J. ROY BARREAU.  
New Bedford, Mass. (See page 230.)

states of Massachusetts and Connecticut. By persistent effort, together with natural ability and vigorous



originality, he has succeeded in becoming an authority on this subject. Instead of remaining mechanical like



CHAS. S. CARTER.  
Norfolk, Va.

a great many of our young men, he has left that path, and has the spirit and soul of the real artist. He does not content himself to imitate, but fashions his ideas to lead.

Mr. Barreau will contribute from time to time under this heading suggestions and ideas that will prove of value to many in the adornment of their homes, and which will be useful as well as ornamental.

Charles S. Carter, a tailor of Norfolk, Va., who runs quite an establishment, employing a number of people. Mr. Carter is a graduate of Hampton Industrial School, twenty-four years of age, born in Savannah, Ga. He has been in business since his graduation, two years ago, and is fast building up a good patronage among all classes. Another example of thrift coupled with a good trade basis.

To serve as a United States judge of any description is a rare distinction for a colored man. But such distinction has come to Capt. F. R. Steward, 49th United States Infantry, who has recently been appointed provost judge of San Pablo, P. I., with exclusive jurisdiction over its forty thousand inhabitants, and empowered to impose a fine as heavy as \$1,000 or to imprison for as long a term as two years. It is particularly gratifying that in this instance the honor has followed merit. Captain Steward is a product of the best education America can afford. Receiving his early training in the common schools, he entered Exeter Academy in 1891. While there he distinguished himself in debating, and won the highest prize for an original ora-



CAPT. F. R. STEWARD.  
49th Infantry, U. S. V.

tion, his subject being "Parnell." Graduating from Exeter after one year's hard study, in which he com-



*Very truly your friend,  
Wm. Wells Brown.*

*(See page 232.)*

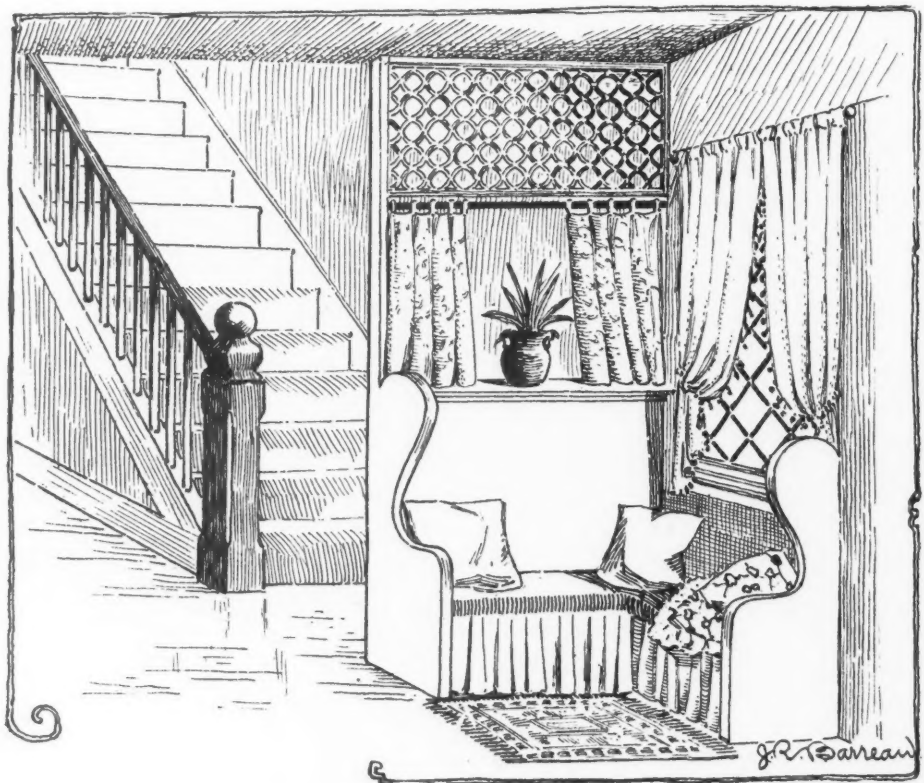


*Yours for humanity,  
Pauline E. Hopkins.*

*(See page 218.)*

pleted the work prescribed for two years, he entered Harvard College in 1892. At Harvard he further distinguished himself in debating. He represented Harvard in the annual debate with Princeton, and also with Yale. He was president of the Harvard Forum. In 1896 he graduated with honors. When the Spanish

executive. After being mustered out he returned to his studies at the law school three months before the examinations, and by prodigious labor succeeded in graduating with his class in 1899. The autumn of the same year he was appointed captain in the 49th Infantry, and assigned to duty in the Philippines.



WHERE THE STAIRS COME DOWN IN FULL VIEW.

(See page 231.)

War broke out he was a second-year student in the Harvard Law School. Seized with the war fever, he enlisted as a private in the 8th United States Volunteers, rose rapidly through the grades of corporal and sergeant to lieutenant. He saw no fighting, but won a reputation as a painstaking disciplinarian and a clear-headed

Mrs. C. F. D. Fairweather, Jr., *née* Celeste Mitchell, is a young matron and a leader in the prominent whist tournaments of Newport's "Smart Set."

Mrs. Fairweather was one of Virginia's fair daughters, but came to Newport, R. I., where she has resided since the age of ten years. Of a



musical and happy disposition, she has a host of friends.

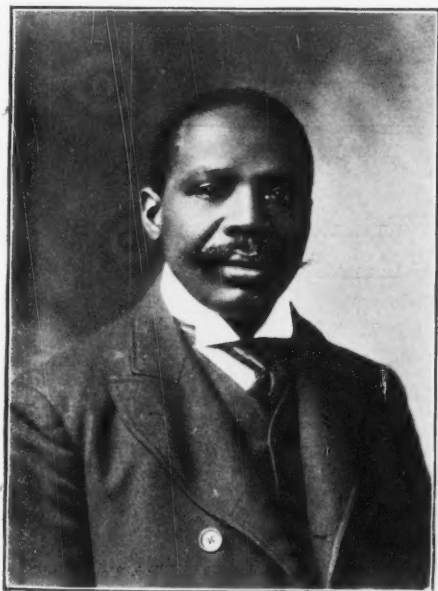
Mr. C. F. D. Fairweather, Jr., her husband, is the son of one of Newport's oldest and most respected inhabitants.

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Dr. W. A. Buckner of Chicago, Ill., was born in the year 1858, in the town of Hopkinsville, Ky. At an early age he was deprived of parental care and guidance by the death of both parents. His success in life has been achieved solely through his personal effort and ability. During his early life he had a succession of various experiences, at one time as cabin-boy on one of the Ohio River steamers, and later in hotel life in Cincinnati. He took a full course in music at the College of Music, in Cincinnati. Dr.

from same with high honors, and has also successfully passed the examination of the State Board and has secured



AUGUSTUS C. WORMLEY.  
Boston, Mass.



DR. W. A. BUCKNER.  
Chicago, Ill.

Buckner has recently taken the full course of medicine at the Harvey Medical School, Chicago, graduating

his certificate as a practicing physician. We predict for Dr. Buckner a large success in his chosen field.

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Augustus C. Wormley, one of Hampton's former students, is one of the supporting pillars of the Young Men's Congressional Club of Boston, Mass. His observing powers are clearly set forth in his expressive delineation of character in his play, entitled "Armorers of Tyre," written and played exclusively by the dramatic members of the Congressional Club.

His play, upon its production, brought many favorable criticisms as to its merit, from many of the best journals in this country. We expect soon to see in print some other masterpieces from his pen.

**BOSTON'S SMART SET,***With portraits of eight popular Bostonians.*

"WELL, I suppose that you are still shivering from your contact with Boston social atmosphere," began the cynical New Yorker on the homeward bound train.

improved; and this improvement, as I think, is traceable to the influence of the continual stream of people nowadays from other cities, who, moreover, in a good many cases, make Boston



MRS. EDWARD EVERETT BROWN, BOSTON, MASS.

"Not at all," replied the man next to him. "On the contrary, my visit convinced me that all the talk about the frigid sedateness of Boston is simply a jungle yarn."

"Your visit was particularly fortunate, but then one must own that the social temperature is indeed noticeably

their temporary or permanent home. The great miracle is that, so far from losing their own vivacity, warmth of hospitality and temperament, these new acquisitions do actually survive to contribute largely toward quickening the social pulse and raising the social temperature. The change is,

however, of only slight degree, like the result of mixing a cup of scalding coffee with a bowl of ice-water."

And so the unjust characterization of Boston society as "cold," "chilly," "tepid," continues, and nobody knows how or why such characterization originated, and nobody cares to take

prevails. There was but a short break in the round of entertainment from summer to winter. The winter season followed close upon the heels of returning "out-of-towners." November weddings, specially mentionable among which were the Bagnall-Brown nuptials, lent more than ordinary



MRS. WALTER SAMPSON, BOSTON, MASS.

special pains to demonstrate its falsity. It is a small matter to anybody whether or not the welcome stay of newcomers at New England's metropolis has tended to amplify and intensify its social life, but there is no gainsaying that Boston never before saw so much social activity as now

animation to fashionable circles. But the circumstances that are more responsible than all else for this remarkable social change are the increased freedom of young girls and the advent into the foreground of a younger set of married women. The Charity Club, the Vaudeville Club, the Sunset

Club, and other clubs composed entirely of young misses, have asserted themselves in all manner of new and



MISS GEORGINA GLOVER.  
Boston, Mass.

untried entertainment, and have been permitted to undertake a vast amount more than their accustomed share in the initiating and directing of affairs. And then older matrons have apparently withdrawn, and allowed things to be run by those more recently married, who formerly were content to look on.

A veteran of the dining-car service is Mr. George W. Williams, who was born at Charing Cross, Province of Ontario, Canada.

Mr. Williams entered the dining service of the Michigan Central when quite a young man. When the Wag-

ner Palace Car Company took control of the dining-cars of the Michigan Central, he was retained, and remained with that company for four years. He was then transferred to the New York Central.

While in New York he secured instructions under some of the famous masters of the culinary art.

By close application to his duties his ability was noticed, and he was given the honor and distinction of opening the great World's Exposition Flyer, a train whose service stands today unexcelled by none. In the same year he had charge of the private car of the Hon. Chauncey M. Depew during his visit to the World's Fair.

In 1896 he accepted the position of chef with Mr. W. E. Woods, then proprietor of the Mansion House at Greenfield, Mass.; in 1897, after remaining with Mr. Woods for a year, he returned to the New York Central.



MISS IDA M. HALL.  
Boston, Mass.

In 1900 he was given charge of the Boston and Chicago Special, in which capacity he remains today.





MISS AUGUSTA CARTWRIGHT.  
Boston, Mass.



MRS. POWHATAN BAGNALL (*née* BROWN).  
Boston, Mass.

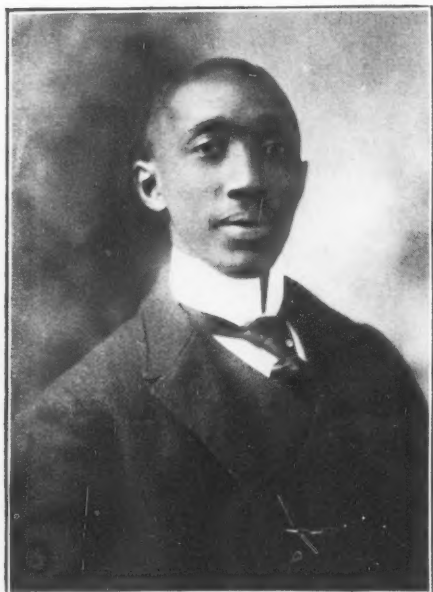


MISS ELIZABETH D. HEMMINGS.  
Boston, Mass.



MISS ANNA SMITH.  
Boston, Mass.

Mr. Williams is second vice-president of the N. Y. C. Cooks' and



MR. GEORGE W. WILLIAMS.

Waiters' Association. Besides being a master of the art of cooking, he is a telegraph operator of no mean ability.

Rev. Mahlon Van Horne, the present United States Consul at St. Thomas, Danish West Indies, was born in New Jersey, near the classic confines of Princeton. He is fifty years of age, hale and hearty, and we hope that he will live to fill many other important offices for our government.

He held the pastorate of the Union Congregational Church at Newport, R. I., for nearly twenty-five years, and has been conspicuous in the political arena, holding more public positions than any colored man in New England.

He served three years in the Rhode Island Legislature, and many

years on the Republican City Committee of Newport, also seven terms upon the School Board, and one on the Board of Examiners of the State Normal School.

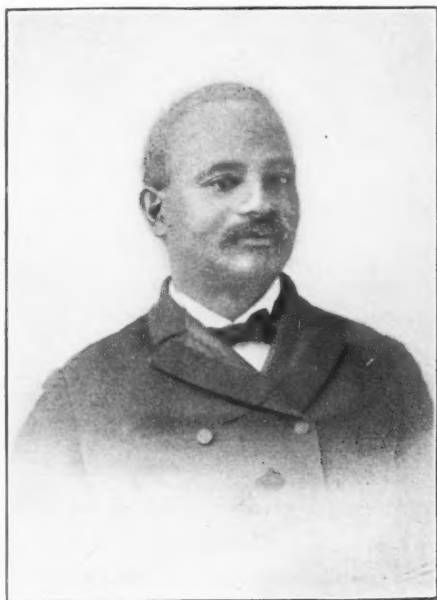
He is one of the highest degree Masons, and a member of the Knights of Pythias.

His Yankee ingenuity in purchasing eight thousand tons of coal without official orders, during the late unpleasantness with Spain, gives him a universal renown, as the coal would possibly have been secured by the Spaniards for Cervera's fleet.

Our readers will be treated to an article from Consul Van Horne in an early issue, with illustrations from that tropical island.

#### THE CANTATA OF "BELSHAZZAR."

The presentation of the operatic cantata of "Belshazzar" by the choir of the Concord Baptist Church of Christ,



REV. MAHLON VAN HORNE.

Brooklyn, N. Y., at Association Hall, on Tuesday evening, Dec. 4, 1900, under the leadership of Prof. P. A. Myers, may justly be considered the beginning of a new epoch in the higher branches of musical and dramatic culture among our people in a public way. A year ago the choir presented "Belshazzar's Feast," which met with such astounding success that the public at once demanded a repetition of the "Feast," or something like it, as a fixture in sacred drama. Professor Myers, remembering the words of the immortal Shakespeare, viz: "There is a tide in the affairs of men, which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune," etc., began preparations for Butterfield's magnificent work, "Belshazzar," in five acts. Like all other innovations of a radical nature, in the continuance of such scriptural plays the choir had difficulties to overcome, prejudice of a superstitious, religious character to break down, and mechanical hindrances to set aside. This has been done in a large measure, and Professor Myers deserves great credit for his self-sacrificing efforts in this educational work among the race. The choir, assisted by the Brooklyn Choral Union, were loyal to their leader, and gave substantial support.

The five acts, with scenes in each varying from one to five, were performed in a manner that would call forth the righteous envy of the professional of long standing and large experience in more ways than one.

In the fifth act the audience sat breathless when their eyes beheld the banquet-hall in Belshazzar's palace. This was beyond doubt the crowning feature of the whole affair. The mysterious handwriting, the attempt and failure of the soothsayers to read the writing; its successful interpretation by Daniel, the victorious army of Cyrus and the death of Belshazzar, will linger long in the memory of those who came, saw and heard the brilliant enactment and successful conclusion of the cantata of "Belshazzar." Prof. P. A. Myers, director; Miss Mary A. Perkins, accompanist; Prof. W. F. Craig's orchestra; Messrs. T. A. Hamlin and William Brown, stage managers. "Long live the king."

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We endeavor only to run reliable advertisements, and we recommend to our readers the firms who advertise with us.

Any reader who has not been dealt with fairly by any company advertising with us, will do us a great favor by informing us at once, and we will immediately take steps to investigate.

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Hon. J. Frank Wheaton, organizer of the United Brotherhood of Chicago, Ill., is to make an extensive tour in the Brotherhood's interest; while en route he will also represent THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

## THE STRESS OF IMPULSE.

MAITLAND LEROY OSBORNE.

### SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I. TO XVII.

ROGER DOLLOFF, a detective, while journeying to San Francisco to investigate the robbery of the Third National Bank, meets with serious injury in the wreck of the Overland Limited, and is nursed back to health by Marie Chartier, a passenger on the same train. He falls in love with, and marries her, and they resume the interrupted journey. The cashier who has robbed the bank fears betrayal by his accomplice, and secretly and in disguise embarks on a sailing vessel bound for Panama. While Dolloff is conferring with the president of the bank, Marie is confronted by a man at their hotel, and faints from the shock of recognition. It is James Fairfax, her husband, whom she had believed dead when she married Dolloff. He is a gambler, and worse, and importunes her to cast in her lot with him again, a proposition which she scorns. Dolloff, entering the hotel as Fairfax leaves it, recognizes the latter, and having his suspicions aroused by this chance meeting with one whom he knows to be a rogue, soon establishes the fact that he had a hand in the bank robbery. Dolloff goes to South America in pursuit of the fleeing cashier, and stumbles upon his camping-place in the forest. In Dolloff's absence Marie is abducted by Fairfax. Dolloff captures the cashier, and on his return learns of Marie's disappearance, and that she is the wife of Fairfax. He follows them to Georgia and locates them in the company of a band of moonshiners, whose apprehension he brings about, only to find that Fairfax and Marie have disappeared. Shortly after his return to New York, Mrs. Godfrey Morgan, a wealthy woman, is robbed of \$50,000 worth of diamonds, and Dolloff is engaged to recover them. He goes to Liverpool, and after three weeks of waiting receives a cablegram saying that Fairfax is believed to have sailed with the jewels in his possession. He gets on the track of Fairfax in London, learns that the latter has gone to Amsterdam, and follows him there. After some search Dolloff finds the shop where Fairfax has left the jewels to be recut, and having recovered them, is recalled to America by a cablegram. In the booking office at Liverpool he comes face to face with Fairfax, but the latter being disguised, he fails to recognize him. They both engage passage by the same steamer.

### CHAPTER XVIII.

DOLLOFF'S first care on going aboard the steamer that was to carry him back to America was to deposit the jewels in the safe in the captain's cabin. This done, he breathed a sigh of relief, and set about making himself at home in his stateroom for the voyage.

Fairfax had been among the first of the passengers to come on board,

and from a point on the lower deck, well screened from observation, had kept a vigilant watch upon the stream of passengers. When he had seen Dolloff, a half hour before the time of sailing, walk up the gangplank, he turned away, and his eyes glittered ominously behind the blue goggles. In the days that had passed since he had touched elbows with Dolloff in the booking office, he had brooded constantly over the foiling of his villainy, until his chief desire had come to be for revenge. He regarded Dolloff as his Nemesis, and resolved that the detective should never leave the steamer alive.

But a cause, almost ridiculous in view of the possible tragedy it averted, operated to effectually frustrate any plan that Fairfax might have had. It chanced to be a particularly stormy voyage. By the next morning after sailing, the vessel was pitching on a waste of wildly tossing waters under a leaden sky, and a mere handful of the passengers responded to the breakfast gong. While Dolloff, with the collar of his ulster turned up and his cap set firmly on his head, paced the promenade deck, Fairfax lay in his berth enduring the agonies of a particularly severe attack of seasickness.

So it happened that on the fourth day out he crawled on deck for the first time, weak and white, and with no thought save an intense longing to



set foot on firm land once more. And when the vessel, at the end of the voyage, swung slowly up to the pier head, he waited until he had seen Dolloff disappear in the crowd, then walked down the gangplank and was swallowed up in New York's seething maelstrom.

Immediately upon landing Dolloff reported at headquarters, turned over the recovered jewels to the chief, and greatly to that individual's surprise, formally tendered his resignation.

"I don't understand why you should want to leave us, Dolloff," said the chief. "You stand at the head of the profession; there's not a man in it with a better record than you have, and you certainly can't expect to make more money at anything else."

"No," responded Dolloff; "it's not more money that I'm looking for, but I want to get out of the business. I'm sick of it. I thought it all over coming across on the boat, and decided that I was becoming too much like a human bloodhound. I'm going to throw it all up and try for a place on some newspaper. My experience as a detective ought to help me there, and I'll get to know more honest men and pure women. I haven't quite lost all my faith in the goodness of humanity in general yet, but it has been severely tested, and I want a chance to see the better side for a while."

"Well, if you must," said the chief; "but I am more than sorry to lose you. If you really want to take up newspaper work, I think I can help you to a position. The city editor

of the *Express* is a friend of mine. If you like, I'll introduce you, and I think he'll give you a chance."

"I should appreciate it very much," was Dolloff's answer, and so it was settled.

With Dolloff's introduction to the city editor of the *Express* there began for him a new life, filled with engrossing interests. The manifold duties of a reporter were alluring to him, and the new phases of life that he constantly observed, each had their charm. The abrupt transition of his occupation afforded him a new perspective of life that quickened his perceptions and broadened his grasp upon material facts. His assignments at first were unimportant—routine work, police-court cases and small fires, accidents and the like, varied occasionally by being detailed to assist a more experienced man on assignments requiring help, were what fell to his lot. But all the time he was learning in the surest of all schools—experience.

He lived in the newspaper atmosphere, gradually absorbing the tenets of the profession, learning what constituted news, how to set about obtaining it, and how to write it in a way to suit the city editor, who seemed to be a confirmed misanthrope, with a deep-seated grudge toward reporters generally, and green ones particularly.

At the first he had harbored a dim idea that reporters stood on corners or wandered about the streets waiting for things to happen, and was correspondingly amazed at the prescience of the city editor, who apparently knew everything going on in every

quarter of the city, before it had transpired.

His daily study of the assignment book gave him fresh cause for wonder, and when he found his name set down opposite a drowning case on the river front, or a fight in the tenement district, he felt a sudden sense of importance, and a pleasant little glow of elation would pass over him when he spread open the early edition, damp from the press, and saw one of his items on the first page.

The fact that the desk-man's blue pencil ruthlessly reduced his half-column story to a paragraph, sometimes caused him a moment's discomfiture, but he reflected that all reporters had the same experience to start with, and bore it philosophically.

His preconceived ideas of the relative importance of things, too, received a rude shock when he realized that the city editor attached more value to the story of a questionable transaction by the head of the sewer department than to the account of a virtuous young sewing-girl's vain struggle against starvation in a lonely garret.

As the months slipped away, and Dolloff grew more familiar with the duties of his position, he found that his copy more often escaped the chastening blue pencil, and he began to take his place among the older reporters on equal terms.

His thoughts dwelt often on Marie, but he had come to believe that she had passed forever out of his life, and tried to resign himself to the inevitable.

## CHAPTER XIX.

One winter's night when Dolloff had been two years with the *Express* he sat in the reporters' room, his day's assignments finished, enjoying the warmth and a cigar, while Blodgett, the police-court man, told of "beats" he had made in days gone by.

Across the hallway through the open door they could see the night editor at his desk, elbow deep in proofs and copy, and smoke curling from his pipe in a thick blue cloud. Upstairs in the composing room a score of busy workers were rushing five-line takes into type for the first edition.

The telephone bell over the night editor's desk jangled loudly, and a moment later he swung around in his chair and beckoned to Dolloff.

"There's an accident case up to the City Hospital," said he, without removing the pipe from his mouth, when Dolloff had crossed the hall. "Get the full particulars for the last edition."

It was a bitter night. The biting wind swooped down upon him as he emerged in the open air, strove for a moment to drive him back to shelter, and then swirled its boisterous way down the street, whistling around corners, rattling unfastened blinds with its icy fingers, pausing at doorways in search of homeless wanderers, and then on down to the river front, where the storm king held high revel on the frozen waste.

He bent his head to meet the blast, and made his way along the

nearly deserted streets. Twenty minutes of brisk walking and the grim brick front of the hospital loomed before him. He ascended the broad steps leading to the entrance, and a sharp ring at the bell gained him instant admittance.

The priest who had been sent for to ease the sufferer's last hours was just before him. An attendant relieved them of their overcoats, and led the way in silence to Ward six. As they passed down the space between the rows of cots more than one pain-tortured face strove pathetically to greet the priest's coming with a welcoming smile. He paused once or twice to bestow a low-toned word of comfort, or lay his cool, firm hand for a moment on a fevered brow. The spirit of an universal brotherhood shone from his smoothly shaven face. To him the sufferers lying there were of no creed — only sorely stricken creatures needing help.

At the last cot he paused and gazed silently and thoughtfully at the blotched and bloated face upon the pillow. The shifting, bloodshot eyes that met his glance for but a moment held in their depths a wild gleam of animal-like terror. The ashen, sensuous lips quivered nervously. One toil-roughened hand clutched at the white coverings, as though its owner strove to draw back from the dark tide that was creeping near. The attendant silently drew a screen about the cot and placed a couple of chairs beside it.

The priest gently released the clutching fingers from the bedclothes, and took the hot hand in his firm and

reassuring grasp. "My poor man," said he, "your pain and toil and trouble is nearly ended. If you have aught upon your mind that gives you fear, let me take the burden from you; and by God's mercy you will find forgiveness for your sins."

The wandering glance of the dying man sought the priest's compassionate face.

"I am afraid to die," he mournfully whispered. "I have sinned so much. There can be no forgiveness for such as me."

"God's mercy is infinite," replied the priest, gently. "There is no sin that, truly repented of, will not be forgiven."

The doctor, on his round of the wards, stopped at the cot for a moment, touched the patient's wrist, said a few words to the white-capped nurse; then turned to the priest, saying in a tone too low for the sufferer's ear: "He will last till midnight."

"I will stay," responded the priest quietly, and the doctor passed on to the next ward.

The priest sat holding the dying man's hand in a firm clasp, while the clock slowly ticked off the seconds he had yet to live. As the night wore on he dropped into a troubled doze, broken by spasmodic tremors, and muttering broken sentences as his seared brain recalled the past. Once he whispered "mother" in a tone more tender than the rest, and it seemed for an instant that some kindly spirit smoothed the tell-tale seams from the bloated face, making it almost fair to look upon. Then he woke, and glared about like a hunted

beast, and hoarsely muttered "Water!" But ere the nurse could place the goblet to his lips delirium seized him and he cowered back in the bed as though to hide from a dreaded presence.

Dolloff drew forth his watch. Eleven o'clock — the end was very near. The nurse lifted the patient's head and poured a few drops of water in his parched throat. Soon his labored breathing grew easier; the bloodshot eyes sought the priest's face with a calmer gaze; and then he spoke — slowly, and with painful effort, as his strength grew less.

"There is a woman," said the dying man, "who believes herself to be my wife. I deceived her with a mock marriage and then deserted her. Believing me to be dead she married another man, and when we met by accident the shock nearly drove her crazy. She refused to return to me, though she thought I was her husband, and hid herself from the other man, though she loved him. She has a child — a little girl — and I would die easier if I could know that the tangle would be straightened out."

He paused and gasped for breath, with his fast-glazing eyes fixed beseechingly upon the kindly face of the priest, who bent over him and said: "Tell me the man's name. I will search him out and see that justice is done."

Dolloff, with clenched hands and set lips, leaned forward to hear the rest. With one last effort the dying man whispered: "His name is Dolloff — Roger Dolloff," and then his

head fell back, and what his staring eyes beheld no man may know.

"When Dolloff emerged from the hospital the moon was floating in all its radiance above the city. The bell in a distant steeple tolled the midnight hour. His brain was in a whirl with the knowledge that had just come to him. In the disfigured, pain-distorted face of the dying man he had failed to recognize Fairfax, but now that he had learned the truth his first thought was of Marie.

## CHAPTER XX.

Dolloff's sole object in life now was to find Marie, and with no clue to work upon the task bid fair to be a difficult one. Advertisements inserted in the personal columns of the metropolitan dailies brought a number of replies, but in every instance careful investigation disclosed that the writers were either at fault or were seeking to gain reward for knowledge which they did not possess.

For several weeks Dolloff devoted every waking moment to the problem and grew wan and haggard with suspense. Then, through merest accident he stumbled upon a clue that led him to the belief that in Chicago he would find a relative of Marie who might be able to tell him where she was. He started for that city at once, and within a few days of his arrival there located the person he was seeking, and learned that Marie was living in a small New England town.

The reaction from the mental strain of the past few weeks, added to a severe cold which he had contracted, brought on a fit of sickness, so that a



month later, after battling through an attack of brain fever, he awoke one morning to find himself in a cot in the Chicago General Hospital, with a white-capped nurse by his side.

Through the weeks of his convalescence he lay and thought of Marie and revolved plans for the future. The thing that worried him the most was the ever-recurring thought of the child that Fairfax had mentioned. Who was its father? At last he was able to leave the hospital, and still white and weak, hurried eastward.

It was early evening when he reached the little town. He walked rapidly along the quiet street and knocked at the door of the neat cottage to which he had been directed. A dressmaker's sign in the window, thrown into relief by the lamplight from within, announced what means Marie had adopted for a livelihood.

When the door opened and he stood face to face for the first time in years with the woman he had never ceased to love, he was impressed with a certain new dignity that she seemed to have acquired. Her face showed traces of sorrow and hard experience, but it bore a softened look that beautified her.

She greeted him simply and without apparent surprise, and motioned for him to enter.

"I have expected you," she said.

She led the way to a little sitting-room, and when they were seated, waited for him to speak. She seemed quite calm, while he strove in vain for composure.

As the thought came to him of the life she had led, and what the present

moment boded for her, a sudden great pity was joined to the love that surged in his heart for her. He forgot for the time what he had suffered through her, and remembered only that she was a woman, and that to her the world had been very hard.

"Marie," he said at last, "you know why I am here."

"Yes," she replied in a low voice, "you have come to ask the truth from me—and you shall have it. I have learned that Fairfax is dead—I thought him dead when I married you. I have also learned that I was—not his wife. I know what you must think of me—and it is only just, but"—her voice trembled with emotion, "I am only a woman, after all, and for all I have made you suffer I have suffered tenfold. I lay in the darkness at night thinking—thinking, till it seems as though I must go mad. The ghost of my ruined life rises up in the midnight hours and taunts me with my shame."

Her calmness was gone. She buried her face in her hands, and long, dry sobs shook her violently. Then she lifted her face and looked at him with eyes that held the agony of a tortured soul.

"Roger," she said, "you are not a woman, and you cannot know—but when little Mabel puts her soft, dimpled arms around my neck, when I kiss her goodnight and lay her down to sleep, it feels as though a knife was in my heart. I fancy sometimes that the angels will not let her stay with me, and I steal to her little cot and listen for her breathing till my heart stops beating, and kneel there for

hours sometimes, praying God that she may never know that her mother has sinned."

She was weeping unrestrainedly now, and Dolloff was struggling for composure.

"Marie," he asked gently, "is she — my daughter?"

She lifted her head and gazed at him with honest eyes.

"She is," she answered simply.

He was deeply moved. For a time neither spoke. Then suddenly she fell on her knees before him and gazed imploringly in his face.

"You will not take her from me?" she begged. "You will not take away the only thing I have to cling to — the only bit of Heaven that I have ever known."

She was clasping his hands now in an agony of supplication, unmindful of her loosened hair and the tears that streamed down her cheeks.

At this moment there came to Dolloff an understanding of the depths of a mother's love, and he knew that

to the woman before him the child's love meant redemption.

"I will not part you from her," he said.

A long sigh parted her lips, and her head fell forward against his knee. She had fainted.

When, a little later, he stood looking down for the first time on the sweet face of his daughter, her dimpled cheeks flushed with slumber and her lips like crumpled rose-leaves, his eyes were filled with tears. Touching his lips lightly to her golden hair, he turned to the woman who stood, softly weeping, at his side. Their eyes met — his filled with a deep compassion and a dawning sense of the responsibility that rested on him — hers with a mother's love and a humility that spiritually uplifted her.

He held out his arms.

"Marie," he said softly, "the past is dead. We will live for our child."

[THE END.]

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## THE SCIENCE OF VOCAL CULTURE.

PROF. THEO. DRURY.

THE utter failure of a large number of students, after many years of practice and study, to get the correct quality of tone production, has led to numberless inquiries as to the best methods of voice culture. The Italians claim to have the only method, and they have been really aggressive in their claims as to the

correctness of their methods. The fact that the throat should act in a certain way is known, but how to get ease and power with a good quality has been and is yet a continual war among teachers; and now that it has been taken in hand by the scientists does not mean the soothing of the troubled waters, but it only creates

more contention among those who do not care to study it from that point.

That vocal culture has been reduced to a science there is not the slightest doubt. It is only within the last century that so much attention has been given to studying that part of the throat that produces the voice. Such men as Doctors Mackenzie, Merkel, Harless, Fournier, Liskovius, Gruetzner, Weiss, Garcia and Prof. John Howard (undoubtedly the foremost scientist on voice in the world) have probed this mysterious voice organ thoroughly.

The question is often asked: Can one learn to sing who has no voice to begin with? Many teachers say, No; but to answer from a scientific standpoint, I should say, Yes. One should, however, be endowed with a superior mind, a faculty for very hard study, and musical temperament of high grade. With these it is quite possible to develop a beautiful voice on a seemingly poor foundation. But we must consider that even in that case one might fail, as real success is given to very few. To study the throat and voice scientifically one must have special talent for that kind of work, as well as a very great sense of muscular control. To gain automatic control of the muscles that produce good quality seems to be the greatest difficulty. The first thing to be considered is: What takes place in the throat during singing? Does the larynx remain stationary, the tongue slightly raised, the soft palate down and closed during tone emission? These are some principles that

form the scientific method, the practice of which may not appeal to the emotions, but gives the correct action of the throat. After this one is prepared to proceed with other studies.

Tradition teaches that the throat should be held open, while you seem to sing your tones from the chest. It may seem so to those who have natural voices; but on the contrary, one neither makes tones from the chest nor head. All vocal sound, it matters not whether loud or soft, is made by the vocal cords, which are attached to the thyroid and cricoid cartilages. It is true that one has the sensation of making tones from the chest, but that comes from the action of the sterno-thyroid and other down-pulling muscles so essential in singing.

Although it is not generally understood, the tongue is a most important factor in stretching the cords, and is often a very unruly member. It is sometimes held too stiff, which does not admit the necessary vibrations. The tongue should be slightly raised, the singer never allowing the body of the tongue to sink under any circumstances, as it causes fatigue of the entire throat.

To gain automatic control of the throat and breath means individual training of the muscles; and also one must be able to devitalize any certain muscle and command or vitalize the same. Science places the teaching on a higher basis, shortening the time of study about half, and enabling one who has not the great gift of nature, to become a singer.

## PAULINE E. HOPKINS,

AUTHOR OF "CONTENDING FORCES," "TALMA GORDON,"  
"GENERAL WASHINGTON," ETC.

PAULINE E. HOPKINS of North Cambridge, Mass., was born in Portland, Me., but came to Boston when an infant; subsequently she was raised a Boston girl, educated in the Boston public schools, and finally graduated from the famous Girls' High School of that city.

Her father, William A. Hopkins, a G. A. R. veteran of the Civil War, is a native of Alexandria, Va. He is a nephew of the late John T. Waugh of Providence, R. I., and a first cousin of the late Mrs. Anna Warrick Jarvis of Washington, D. C.

By her mother Miss Hopkins is a direct descendant of the famous Paul brothers, all black men, educated abroad for the Baptist ministry, the best known of whom was Thomas Paul, who founded St. Paul Baptist Church, Joy Street, Boston, Mass. the first colored church in this section of the United States. Susan Paul, a niece of these brothers, was a famous colored woman, long and intimately associated with William Lloyd Garrison in the anti-slavery movement. Miss Hopkins is also a grandniece of the late James Whitfield, the California poet, who was associated with Frederick Douglass in politics and literature. His poems are in all the libraries of the Pacific coast, and Mr. Douglass had them in his library.

Pauline Hopkins has struggled to the position which she now holds in

the same fashion that *all* Northern colored women have to struggle—through hardships, disappointments, and with very little encouragement. What she has accomplished has been done by a grim determination to "stick at it," even though failure might await her at the end.

Her first effort was made at the age of fifteen, when the Congregational Publishing Society, Boston, offered a prize of ten dollars in gold, through Dr. William Wells Brown, for the best essay on the "Evils of Intemperance and Their Remedies," to the colored youth of the Boston High Schools. Miss Hopkins won the prize, and received a warm letter of encouragement from the famous publishing house, offering to publish the essay and send it over the country in free distribution.

After this the young girl did much literary work for which she was well paid. Her great desire was to become a playwright, but by the advice of Mr. Fred Williams, the veteran stage manager of the Boston Museum, who examined her work, she directed her attention finally to fiction in story form.

Other efforts followed, and she soon presented her illustrated lecture on Toussaint L'Overture to the public at Tremont Temple. The press gave her many favorable notices. She was hired by the Friends School at Providence, R. I., to deliver it before



the school, and received a hearty letter of recommendation from the principal, Mr. Augustus Jones.

In 1892 the Robert A. Bell Post 134, G. A. R., Boston, Mass., honored her by inviting her to deliver their memorial address on Memorial Day at Charles Street A. M. E. Church. This also was a great success.

Meanwhile circumstances obliged her to cease her literary labors for a time and try for something that would immediately help her financially. She took up the study of stenography, and in 1892 entered the employ of Hon. Henry Parkman and

Hon. Alpheus Sanford, well-known, wealthy and influential Republicans. She served them so well that on their hearty recommendation, after passing the civil service examination, she was appointed stenographer in the Bureau of Statistics, on the Massachusetts Decennial Census of 1895, which position she held for four years.

Her ambition is to become a writer of fiction, in which the wrongs of her race shall be so handled as to enlist the sympathy of all classes of citizens, in this way reaching those who never read history or biography. "Contending Forces" is her first published work.

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## WINTER'S SHROUDS.

HATTIE E. WALLACE.

THOUGH the day be dark and dreary  
In our journey on through life,  
There will be a glorious sunset:  
"Peace must always follow strife."

When the Master sendeth sorrow,  
In his own time he'll bring joy;  
Only wait the lovely morrow:  
"Gold's too soft without alloy."

When we frown o'er rainy weather,  
Roaring winds and winter's shrouds,  
List! and hear the bright side whisper:  
"There's a rainbow in the clouds."

Cease from looking on the dark side;  
Look around, behold the bright,  
And will find how many blessings  
Have been hidden from our sight.

Neither sorrowing nor complaining,  
Only wait the Master's will;  
Hear his loving message saying:  
"Only trust, I'm with you still."

Lead us, Father, guide, protect us,  
As through life we blindly roam;  
May we find, when toil is o'er,  
Rest at last in Heaven — our Home.

## FASCINATING BIBLE STORIES.

*III. Abraham and Isaac.*

CHARLES WINSLOW HALL.

ABRAM, or Abiram, "ruler of the Aramites," the son of Terah or Terakh, tenth in descent from Noah, stood by the door of his father's house in Ur, the ancient seaport of the Chaldees. He was a man who, even in that splendid youth of the human race, was deemed of goodly stature and proportions, and his threescore and ten years had scarce brought to their full perfection the strong, lithe muscles of arm, chest and thigh. A prince was he in both his father's and mother's right of descent; for Terah was the acknowledged head, the great line of Noah, and his mother (Amthela or Amtelai, according to the Talmudic legend) was a princess of a scarcely less noble, albeit less ancient Semitic family.

He was so clad that he wore a kind of plaited kilt of softly dressed and colored leather reaching to the knees, beneath which leggings closely approximating in shape to the limbs they covered, were drawn reasonably tight around the ankles, and further covered by the long fringes of his upper garments. A light cotton vest, almost sleeveless, covered his massive chest and shoulders. His face was keen, yet noble, heavily bearded, but with the upper lip smoothly shaven, his nose aquiline, his forehead high and broad, and his eyes dark and penetrating, yet sympathetic as well as fearless. His great bow of horn

lay at his feet, with the painted quiver of gaily feathered arrows just taken from his belt; a bronze sword, long, straight, pointed and double-edged, hung at his side, and his long hair, plaited and confined by a circlet of gold, was his only head covering. His quarry of the morning's chase lay by the great gates of the compound, a huge wild boar with terrible tusks, which his shafts had laid low in the unreclaimed marshes that still extended southward below the city.

It was a fair city this Ur of the Chaldees, and a great one before the wrath of Asiatic hordes laid low its ramparts and temples, scattered the remnant of its people among the nations, and left its fortified docks, palaces, and magnificent temples, to decay and sink under the fertile ooze which the Tigris yearly spreads over the Mesopotamia. Now that great primeval garden-home lies for the most part wasted and desolate; a shallow lake in time of flood; a sterile desert in the midsummer heats; a marsh whose canals are broken, grown up with oleander, reed and cane, and stretching over seven score miles further southward than in the days of which we write. But then Ur was a walled fortress, its haven lined with great docks, within which the long, many-oared gallies might defy the storms of the Persian Gulf and the attacks of hostile fleets, so long as

bowman, slinger and spearman stood stoutly behind the ramparts which lined their grim grey walls. Arsenal, storehouse and shipyard lined the long, curving water-street, and from this many a broad way led to the great central square, which on the highest mound of the low-lying city surrounded the huge "Ziggurat" or Temple of Sin or Hurki, the moon-god, father and ruler of gods and men.

Before him towered the great oblong wall of the lower story, sixty feet high or more, with many buttresses and rows of windows gently sloping to the flat roof, from which another massive edifice of thirty or forty feet more was surmounted by a smaller but lofty watch-tower, wherein the royal astrologers held their long night vigils, reverently watching the host of heaven, chanting hymn, spell and invocation, observing the celestial omens, offering sacrifices, and training maiden votary and youthful neophyte in the temple service and the mysteries of the faith. By turns, astrologers, priests and judges, these were the true rulers of Ur, and of the land, of which Ur was the center and fortalice. Nor were there lacking shrines of Ishtar or Astarte, the "archer-goddess," queen of love, and alas! of chartered and sanctified lust: of Samas or Shemesh, "the sun-god"; Bel, the mighty spouse of Belat or Beltis; Rimmon, guardian and feeder of the great labyrinth of canals and ditches; and merciless Nergal, who, red-plumed and girded with his fatal sword, directed the fortunes of war, and joyed in the mortal

struggles of the generations of men. Around these shrines stood the proud palaces of king, prince and noble, the mansions of rich merchants and the great cattle kings of that era. Thick-walled and lofty were they, laid up of rough sun-dried bricks on foundations of masonry, and plastered snow-white, against the fierce rain-storms of the spring and autumn. Something of the primitive homes once builded of trunks of the palm-tree showed in their architecture, and little cones of gaily-colored clay, inserted in the fresh plaster, broke up the flat white finish with a gaudy play of color, in many curious patterns.

Such like was the mansion of Terah, before which Abram stood in silence. Deep, dry and cool were its stone-walled cellar-crypts, in which the family sheltered themselves from the fierce heats of summer noondays. Lofty were the walls of banquet-room and chamber, draped with costly fabrics and hung with weapons of war and hunting. Broad and cleanly were the floors, strewn with mattings, gay carpets, and the softly tanned skins of tiger, lion and long-haired goat.

Dishes of bronze, cups and chargers of silver, bowls and platters of bronze, wood and potter's-clay, and beakers of ivory and horn, were ranged in order in fitting places. Broad were the windows, albeit heavily shadowed by the deep casements, wherefrom lattices and light curtains excluded the dust and the sun's rays, while heavy shutters, massive and barred at need, were ready to repel a driving storm, or the attack of a city mob or

alien enemy. Stairways led to the flat fire-proof roofs, battlemented and curtained against envious hands and eyes: in the long, hot summer nights the favorite sleeping-place of the family.

The great enclosure which surrounded the house had thick walls and gates capable of strong defence. Within it were gardens and tall shade trees, and in the rear of the house were the huts and tents of servant, herdsman and boatman, with tall warehouses and capacious piles of lumber and stone, the spars, sails, rigging, and sweeps of dismantled galleys and the like.

Landward beyond the shrine and the western and northern city walls lay league on league the fertile levels of that rich alluvial soil whose wondrous fertility had ages before drawn westward from the tents of Noah and Shem, band after band of the bravest and fairest of their children. Here where the wheat-plant grew spontaneously in the beginning, men said that the site of the ancient Paradise, cleansed by the flood from mortal pollution and swept clean of all its glories, again awaited the kindly culture of the sons of men. For every measure sown it is recorded that the fortunate husbandman harvested two hundred and even three hundred fold, since Pelez, the son of Eber, "in whose days the saith was divided," had perchance begun the humble mounds and dykes which had long been lost in a very maze of canals and ditches. Along the mounds and causeways lofty date-palms displayed under their verdant fronds great

bunches of almost transparent golden dates. Around and beneath them fruited purple and white figs, orange pomegranates and almonds, while immense gnarly-barked vines bore under their luxuriant foliage huge and luscious clusters, every grape a globe of ruby, aquamarine or topaz.

Still farther away the less fertile foothills pastured herds of horses and kine, camels and asses, and farther on the shepherds of Ur watched among wooded ravines goats and sheep innumerable.

The city of Ur was decked for a festival. No ship of all that lay upon the broad river spread her snowy lateen sails to the northern breeze, nor was any caravan to be seen winding along the causeways which led from the city. But small vessels and boats came from every hamlet of the riverbank and coastline, crowded with gaily decked women and heavily moulded, black-bearded, magnificently dressed and armed men, and from every outlying town and hamlet like parties crowding highway and causeway thronged toward the central temple. But few half-grown children accompanied these groups; but Abram marked with a stern and bitter countenance many couples who passed on toward the temple, each bearing with them a babe, their first-born son. These, bright and rosy, daintily clad and garlanded with flowers, were borne by mothers whose tears and sobs were in strange contrast to the flags and garlands which bespoke high festival. The fathers, too, seemed pale and self-repressed, as they strode onward



toward the great shrine, now crowded with priests, musicians and officials. One couple only halted to greet Abram—a man of noble presence, and a wife whose fragile beauty was in strong contrast to the lusty strength and health of her baby boy.

"I greet thee, Abram," said the noble, for such he was; "may Hurki enrich and deliver thee in thine own day of redemption."

"Greeting to thee, O Iribu-Sin," said Abram kindly. "Thanks for thy gracious wish, but my god desireth not such an atonement. Surely my friend and stout comrade will not pay such a price for the favor of Hurki as the high priest hath demanded of thee. Bethink thee," and he lowered his voice, "if thou diest heirless he will profit thereby."

"Tempt me not, friend," said the young man hastily. "It might cost thee and thine life and goods, and me undying torment and the blotting out of my house. I believe with my fathers, and I fear the gods."

"And for the mother's whom thou lovest?"

The woman spoke bitterly: "For me are only the blessing and promise which forbid me not the relief of tears. Happy art thou, Abram, and blessed is Sar-ai, thy wife, in that no son hath been born to thee in Ur of Chaldea."

"And if it had been otherwise," said Abram fiercely, "a thousand men should stand between the child of our love and all that threatened him. Never should king of earth or heaven earn of me such sacrifice."

Iribu-Sin flushed and paled again,

and then spoke dreamily: "Thou art bold, O Abram, and there is none like thee in goodliness and courage. Beware that the thunder-cloud which already mutters above thee send not its lightnings to destroy. A son shalt thou have, even as I, and thou in thy day of atonement will be even as I am, desolate."

And when as the parents turned away, it seemed in some way to Abram that his eyes were opened, and he saw the bitterness and hatred that lay in the hearts of this people of Ur, because he was not of their faith, also the prophecy of his friend lay somewhat heavily upon his heart.

Therefore he bade shut-to and bar the great gates, and a score of trained spearmen gathered at his call beside the narrow wicket, but kept under cover of the wall whereby Abram leaned on his great sword, and saw the crowded roof of the great temple, with the altar of sacrifice whereon fierce flames, heavy with the smoke of spices and incense, flared and roared before the priests of Sin.

So clear-eyed and strong of sight was he that he saw every phase of that day's worship. It was the first month of the Chaldean year, "the Month of the Altar of Righteousness," and on the high places "the priests waited to reconcile sinful man to an all-powerful and justly offended God." He saw Iribu-Sin and his young wife as they came before the priest and gave into his hands their innocent and laughing child. Even as the pontiff turned toward the altar, he saw the mother sink against her

wretched companion, who seemed unconsciously to support her, while his face, pale and rigid as a death mask, was fixed upon the awful ceremony. The gleaming knife rose and fell, merciful in its deadly skill; there was a shriek, and a grim silence, broken by the clash of cymbals, the blare of trumpets, the frenzied leaping and skin-cuttings of beflounced and painted temple dancers, and finally the solemn and rounded voice of the arch-priest uttered the invocation and absolution which concluded the atonement: "This stainless sacrifice I offer thee, O Hurki, Lord of Lords, ruler of heaven and earth. I offer in this man's stead for his transgression this, his offspring first-born. This his manchild, first to raise its head among the living, he offers for his sin. This head of his child for his head he gives; this face for his face that hath turned from thy law; this guiltless heart for his heart hardened and impious he brings to thee."

There was a flashing of white limbs and snowy robes, as the tiny body was tossed into the roaring flames, and the one sympathetic feature of the terrible formula was uttered for the relief of the childless mother, happily for her, senseless and beyond consolation.

"For the mother, et her weep over the only son, who before the term of his life-days hath been snatched away." Abram strung his bow, drew an arrow to the head, and was about to loose it upon the priest, when the great throng burst forth again into shouting and song, and he stayed his hand.

But that night Abram could not sleep, for as he dozed he saw by his side a smiling mother, and in her arms his son, the inheritor of his wealth and name. Again he beheld the "Festival of the Altar of Righteousness," and Ur bright with banners and garlands, and thronged with men of the many races who had colonized Chaldea, with their wives and sons and daughters, who moved through the crowded streets to the great square, and beheld or made the awful sacrifice of the Atonement. And one, of princely stature and bearing, with a woman of noble presence, richly garbed, passed by in the throng, bearing a manchild, lusty and smiling, who clapped his little hands in glee at the beauty and splendor of the festival. But the father's mien was sternly sorrowful, and the mother's form was convulsed with anguish, as they went unwillingly but perforce to that terrible sacrifice, before the beautiful, merciless face of the Moon-God. For an instant the twain raised their heads and gazed upon him. It was Sar-ai who was going to the temple with death in her heart; it was himself, who had fallen from the worship of the one God, and was about to seal his apostasy with the blood of his only son. He shuddered and awoke. Once, twice, thrice, as he closed his eyes, always a little changed in detail but ever the same in substance, the vision came. There were vague visions of useless but savage resistance; of flight essayed too late, and gold offered in vain, but ever in the end Abram and Sar-ai, humbled, hope-

less, agonized, carried their first-born to the blood-stained altar and the ravening flame.

Sleep he could not, so he arose and sought the private shrine, which the laws of Ur permitted to every citizen of wealth and eminence. He ascended the little tower, and before the altar, still warm with the evening sacrifice, lifted up a prayer to Jehovah, the one true God; for he felt at that hour that the dreams of that night were warnings of what must surely come to pass, unless God in his mercy should save him from the common lot of the men of Ur.

And when he had finished his vows there came unto him a still, small voice, seemingly from above and below from without and within, and from every point of the compass, saying: "Leave Ur and the people of Ur to their idols and their abominations; get thee down out of the land, with thy father and thy father's house." And Abram bowed himself down and worshipped before the Lord.

Haran, the youngest son of Terah, the father of the wives of Abram and Nahor, was dead, and on Nahor Terah knew there could be little dependence. He himself had been content to live at Ur, and find his profit in the simple trade and commerce of that era, paying taxes and tithes without useless objection, and ready to defend Ur and its interests against injury or conquest. It was evident, however, even to him, that Abram and Nahor could not safely continue to live at Ur, and he bethought him that pasturage was becoming scarce in Chaldea and there were doubtless vast lands to the south

and west, whereas he might close his life-work in peace, adding herd to herd and flock to flock: with neither raiding Elamite or jealous neighbor to molest or make afraid. Besides Abram was his first born, now grown a very prince among men; on him he must lean, and him he would follow.

So after due consultation Terah decided to leave Ur, with "Abram, his son, Lot, the son of Haran, and Sar-ai, his daughter-in-law, his son Abram's wife." But Nahor and Milcah, or Milch-ai, would remain in Ur, for they were young and joyed in the bustle and gaiety of the great seaport. So Nahor received his portion, and Terah with Abram and Lot, marched out of Ur across the wide causeway and the western channel of the Tigris into the land of Canaan.

In the early morning they marched, two hundreds of armed men, with the chariots, wagons, and beasts of burden, which carried their women and children, and the household stuff, goods and food of the great family. A hundred horsemen more awaited them outside the city gates, with herds of horses, asses, and kine, and when at night they reached their first halting place, shepherds with their flocks had joined them, until they numbered nearly twelve hundreds, some twenty score of whom were armed men.

With some anxiety they began their entrance into the wilder lands beyond the valley of the Euphrates, but except that a few sheep and cattle were slain by wild beasts or stolen by lurking thieves, they met with no misadventure, and moving slowly, and at times halting to rest and

refresh their animals, they came at last to where in after years the fortress of Karram, or as it is called in the text, Haran, barred the way from Chaldea into Canaan. There Terah dwelt with his children, for Nahor and Milcah his wife tarried not many years in Ur after the departure of his family, but joined his father at Haran. And Terah and Nahor worshipped strange gods, albeit not with such cruel sacrifices and nameless abominations as they had fled from at Ur.

Then the Lord warned Abram that he should leave his father's home and kindred and go into a far country, and said:

"I will make of thee a great nation, and will bless thee, and make thy name great, and I will bless them that bless thee, and curse him that curseth thee, and through thee shall all the families of the earth be blessed."

And Abram persuaded his nephew to go with him, for Terah was dead, and Nahor would not leave the land in which he waxed mighty, and rich in cattle and sheep.

So Abram and Lot went together southward through Syria. A great company were they, and burdened with much goods and huge flocks and herds, moving slowly from one pasture unto another, whereas they found living watercourses or great springs. At Sichem under the shadows of Gerizim and Ebal, they halted in the plains of Moreh, and the Lord appeared unto Abram and said: "Unto thy seed will I give this land." And Abram builded an altar there unto the Lord, and went on southward, but because the springs were

failing and the pasturage scanty, they went onward even down into the land of Egypt.

And because that Sar-ai was fair beyond all women, and Abram feared because of being in a strange land and amid a mighty people, he besought Sar-ai to say that Abram was her brother, wherein, say the legends, she lied not, because she was born of a mother who had been the wife of Terah, but not the mother of Abram, Nahor and Haran. And it is written that the Pharaoh who ruled Egypt took Sar-ai into his house, and gave great gifts unto Abram, and would have taken her to wife; but because of plagues which fell upon Egypt. Pharaoh discerned the truth, and rebuked Abram, and sent him and his following out of Egypt. As the spring rains gave them new pastures Abram and Lot went northward until they came to Bethel, and their people and herds and flocks had become a great multitude, so that their herdsmen quarrelled about the pasturage and the springs and pools.

And Abram gave unto Lot his choice of the best pastures and watercourses. Lot chose the valley of the Lower Jordan, where the cool waters, never failing, made the lands about Sodom, Gomorrah, Admah, Zeboim, and Zoar a very "garden of the Lord," and Lot pastured his herds and flocks in that land, pitching his tents under the walls of Sodom; but Abram remained in the land of Canaan.

After Lot had departed Abram was lonely and sorrowful, for he had loved his nephew with a great love,



and as a man had made him his comrade and friend; yea, even as it were, his brother, and he was lonely in spirit.

But as he walked apart the Lord said unto him: "Lift up now thine eyes and look from the place where thou art, northward and southward and eastward and westward.

"For all the land which thou seest to thee will I give it, and to thy seed forever, and I will make thy posterity even as the dust of the earth, so that if a man can number the dust of the earth, then shall thy seed be also numbered.

"Arise, walk through the land in the length of it and in the breadth of it: for I will give it unto thee."

Then Abram removed his camp to the plains of Mamré in the valley of Hebron, near the brook Eschol; and Mamré, Aner and Eshcol, the Amorite princes, made him welcome, and dwelt with him in peace.

But it came to pass that there came a host out of the land of the Chaldeans, and Chedorlaomer, king of Elam, with his allies, Amraphel, king of Shinar, Arioch of Ellasar and Tidal, ruler of fierce and unsettled tribes, came down from the northeast like a storm-cloud, and ravaged the south country of Canaan and Amalekites even unto Mount Seir.

And returning they smote the Amorites south and east of the Jordan, and went against the cities of the plain. Wherefore Bera, king of Sodom, Birsha, king of Gomorrah, Shinab, king of Admah, Shemeber, king of Zeboim, and the king of Zoar drew up their armies in the vale of

Siddim, having in their front many slime-pits exceeding dangerous to horse and man, but the Assyrians and Chaldeans, the Elamites and tribes of the mountains rushed on, and Bera, king of Sodom, and Birsha, king of Gomorrah, were routed and slain, and all who could fled into the mountains. Then Chedorlaomer spoiled Sodom and Gomorrah, and took away Lot with his people and all his goods, and a messenger brought the news thereof unto Abram.

Hurriedly Abram mustered his trained servants, three hundred and eighteen men all born into his service, and summoned the Amorite princes Mamré, Aner and Eschol; and they came in with archers and spearmen, and each was girded with his sword. Then they rode in haste on the trail of Chedorlaomer and his allies, until at last they overtook them near the banks of the Jordan, and came upon them in the night, as they were feeding and making merry. Then Abram, Mamré, Aner and Eschol divided their forces and surrounded their camp, and when the trumpets blew they came in on all sides, and slew Chedorlaomer, king of Elam, Amraphel of Chaldea, Arioch and Tidal, and pursued their broken host even unto Hobah, which lies west of Damascus.

So Abram recovered the spoil and all the prisoners, and with them Lot, his brother. And on his return Melchizedek, king of Salem, met him in the valley and brought forth bread and wine for his refreshing and for those that were with him, and Melchizedek, priest of the Most High God,

laid his hands upon Abram and said: "Blessed be Abram of the Most High God, possessor of heaven and earth: and blessed be the Most High God, who hath delivered thine enemies unto thine hand."

And the son of Bera, king of Sodom, said unto Abram: "Give me back the prisoners whom thou hast redeemed, and keep thou the rest of the spoil."

And Abram said: "Behold, I have called to witness the Most High God, possessor of heaven and earth, that I will not take even a thread or a shoe-latchet, or anything that is thine, lest thou shouldst say, 'I have made Abram rich.'"

"I claim only that which the young men have eaten, and the portion of the Princes Mamré, Aner and Eschol; let them take their share."

And thereafter Abram lived feared and honored, and content withal, except in that he lacked a son and heir. And when he was a hundred years old there was born unto him and Sar-ai, his wife, a son, and they called him Isaac, which, being interpreted, signifieth "laughter," for Sar-ai said: "God hath made me to laugh, so that all who hear will laugh with me." So her name was changed, and she was called "Sarah," or "The Princess," and Abram was called of God "Abraham," or "The Father," because the Lord had said: "Thou shalt be a father of many nations."

Then for happy years Abraham dwelt in Beersheba, in the borders of the land of the Philistines, and Isaac became a goodly youth, and there was not in all the land his like for

strength and comeliness, and the hearts of Abraham and Sarah, his mother, were bound up in the child.

Then again in the stillness there came unto Abraham the word of the Lord: "Take now thy son, even thy only son Isaac, whom thou lovest, and get thee into the land of Moriah, and offer him there for a burnt offering, upon one of the mountains which I will tell thee of."

Then Abraham remembered him of the saying of Iribu-Sin when he was bearing his son, even his first born, to the altar of righteousness in Ur of the Chaldees, and his heart melted within him. But he remembered him also of the words which he had spoken unto the angel of the Lord, when he besought him to spare Sodom and Gomorrah, if there were but some righteous men therein. For he had said: "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?"

And he thought not of disobeying the words of the Lord, albeit he slept not, and his heart was as lead within him. For he said: "I will obey Him even in this; nevertheless, I will not lay this burden upon his mother: neither shall any but I behold this last and greatest sacrifice unto the Lord."

And he arose early, and with two of his young men and Isaac, his son, rode through the mountain paths and across the plains into the land of Moriah. It was a bitter journey of speechless days and sleepless nights; but on the third day Abraham saw afar off the appointed place, and they halted and provided cloven wood and ve coals, and ate and drank and were

refreshed, save Abraham alone, for he could neither eat nor sleep.

Then after a while he said unto the young men: "Abide ye here with the ass, and I and the lad will go yonder and worship, and come again to you."

They set out, Isaac bearing the fagots of cloven wood for the burnt offering, and Abraham a little jar of coals of fire, and the knife for the sacrifice, and they went into a wooded defile that led into a lonely valley among the mountains.

Isaac was silent a while, and then said gently: "My father," and Abram said: "Here am I, my son." And Isaac said: "Behold the fire and the wood are here, but where is the lamb for a burnt offering?"

And Abraham's heart was nigh to bursting, for the boy was gentle and loving and obedient, and beyond belief in excellence and comeliness; but he trusted God, and was strengthened.

And Abraham said: "My son, God will himself provide a lamb for a burnt offering," and they went on in silence unto the place appointed; Abraham builded an altar and laid the wood thereon. And when as this was done, the truth seemed to become known unto Isaac, and although his cheeks paled he flinched not nor hesitated, but threw off his raiment and sandals and stood before his father without blemish, and beautiful exceedingly. Then kneeling he said the prayer which he had so often said at his mother's knee, and for a moment fell upon his father's neck and kissed him.

Then his father drew white fillets

about his limbs and laid him upon the altar, and Isaac pale and still as the dead, lay with closed eyes awaiting the end of life, while Abraham reached forth his hand to take the knife of sacrifice. But the messenger of the Lord called to him out of heaven and said: "Abraham! Abraham!" and he said: "Here am I."

And he said: "Lay not thine hand upon the lad, neither do thou anything unto him, for now I know that thou fearest God, seeing thou hast not withheld thy son, thine only son, from me."

And behold, behind Abraham there was a ram caught in a thicket by his horns, and Abraham went and took the ram and offered him up for a burnt offering in the stead of his son. And Abraham called the name of the place Jehovah-Jireh, or "The Lord will provide."

And the angel of the Lord called unto Abraham out of heaven the second time, and said: "By myself have I sworn, saith the Lord, for because thou hast done this and hast not withheld thy son, thine only son, that in blessing I will bless thee and in multiplying I will multiply thy seed as the stars of the heaven and as the sand which is upon the seashore, and thy seed shall possess the gate of his enemies. And in thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed, because thou hast obeyed my voice."

So Abraham and Isaac returned joyfully unto the young men, and they ate and drank and were refreshed, and returned happily together unto the tents at Beersheba.

And shortly thereafter Abraham

received a guest, a wayfarer who had come from Haran, and he brought greetings from his brother Nahor and his wife Milcah: how that they had

thriven in Haran, and unto them had been born eight children, whereof in due time Isaac should seek a bride of his own people.

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## DECORATIONS FOR THE HOME.

J. ROY BARREAU.

UNDER the head of decorations for the home many things are included: first comes the plan of the architecture, which must in a large measure control all decorations attempted in the future; next we will say comes the selection of suitable covering for the walls and floors, the proper furniture, also hangings for the windows and doors, the pictures for the wall, and the many little things, such as sofa-pillows, vases, statuary and the like, which help to make the home attractive.

The home should be to each family the most attractive place on earth; consequently it should be as homelike and as inviting a place to the family and friends as the atmosphere of pleasant surroundings, together with the love of a true Christian family, can make it. Let the home show the personality of its owner, if that personality is at all pleasing, and the chances are favorable for an appreciative home. There are many things to be considered: the use for which a room is intended, the different exposure of each room, and many times the complexion and character of the occupant. All these things will be treated as necessity demands.

The first series under this heading will comprise suggestions for a small cottage, commencing as follows: the entrance hall, it must be remembered, creates the first impression one gets of another's home, and often the home life of that family; and in accordance with the rule (barring the exception), first impressions are always lasting ones. First, the entrance hall should be furnished as far as possible with a warmth of character, avoiding that coldness which, even with warm furnishings, it is so apt to assume in feeling on those cold winter days when the furnace is doing its best but fails to be adequate in filling all requirements. Red will many times be found a very suitable color to predominate in the general tone of decorations, relieved of course by some contrasting color. Let the walls be covered with a warm tone of some red paper of rather bold design. If the ceilings are high enough, an eighteen-inch border may be used, with picture-molding to match; if not high enough to look well with such a wide border, let the paper run up to the ceiling, allowing just room enough above the picture-molding for the picture-hooks



to slip over. Let all the woodwork, if painted, be an ivory white, excepting the stair-rail, which should be in mahogany stain, or of oak. Cover the floor with Brussels carpet of the same general tone as the walls, and of some small pattern; or if the floors are of hardwood, use rugs of the same general tone. The windows should have hangings of white china silk, made in length just below the sill, trimmed with silk tassel fringe, tied back with small white silk loops. The light in the front door, if leaded glass, use white silk curtains shirred on a rod at the top and bottom; or if one large pane of glass, a curtain of bobbinet with a medallion or center worked in Battenburg, hung straight without fulness on rods at top and bottom, is quite the proper thing.

In the illustration (see page 202) where the stairs come down in full view of the front door is a screen,

composed of a seat, Japanese lattice and hangings. In each part of the seat should be a piece made to open back on hinges, so that by lifting the cushions and opening, a very convenient receptacle may be had for overshoes. The cushions and valance may be of red velour, the curtains of red velour or china silk. All woodwork should be painted ivory white. If space will allow, there should also be in some convenient place a small stand, on which is a card-receiver. A hall-tree, or receptacle for hats and coats, is very necessary, and one of the many little mahogany chairs in odd patterns will be found very convenient and in good taste. Curtains at doors leading from the hall look well if all alike; this rule is not to be followed, as the number of doors and other rooms must also be considered. Above all things, have harmony in the general effect.



## WILLIAM WELLS BROWN.

PAULINE E. HOPKINS.

The subject of this memoir, William Wells Brown, was widely known both at home and abroad. He was no ordinary man. Like other Negroes who have left us the example of noble lives, he accomplished an almost impossible task in surmounting the training received in slavery. In himself he was a refutation of the charge of the inferiority of the Negro. Doctor Brown's belief was that we ourselves possess the elements of successful development, but that we need live men and women to make the development. His claim was that the struggle for our rights, the last great battle-royal, is with ourselves, and the problem can be solved by us alone.

William Wells Brown was born in Lexington, Ky., in the year 1816. His mother was a slave, his father a slaveholder. The child was taken to Missouri in his infancy, and his boyhood was passed in St. Louis.

At ten years of age he was hired out to a captain of a steamboat running between St. Louis and New Orleans. He remained there a year or two, and was then employed as office-boy by Elijah P. Lovejoy, then editor of the *St. Louis Times*, in his printing-office. He spent one year there, and no doubt there imbibed the thirst for knowledge that led to his adoption of a career of letters.

After this he was again let out to a steamboat captain, and in 1834 the young man made his escape and came North.

Fortunate as usual, he obtained a situation as steward of a Lake Erie steamer, and while there was able to do much good for fugitive slaves, giving free passage to sixty-five in one year. He organized an association to help the fleeing bondmen. This association had a fund, employed counsel, furnished clothing and whatever else was needed by the fugitives. Meantime he devoted his nights to study at evening schools and under private instruction.

A man of deep convictions and unquenchable resolves, he could not remain idle. The motive power of his nature forced him into fresh fields of labor.

In the autumn of 1843 the great anti-slavery movement absorbed the self-emancipated slave. While connected with this movement Doctor Brown passed through many stirring scenes, among which may be mentioned the riot at Harwich, Mass., in 1848, when Parker Pillsbury, S. S. Foster, Lucy Stone and others were beaten with kicks and blows, the clothing torn from their persons, pitched over platforms and trampled by an infuriated mob. Doctor Brown nobly bore his part in this scene. Of him Mr. Pillsbury says: "William Wells Brown was among the earliest and most eminent fugitives to appear on our platforms. And what had these men out of which to create a self-made manhood, or any manhood? But whoever thinks of how scant material our codes, customs, constitu-

tions, schools and churches permitted the colored people a half century ago to set up the business of self-made men making!"

In 1849 Doctor Brown accepted an invitation to visit Europe, and he was immediately accepted by the American Peace Society to represent them at the Peace Congress at Paris. Under such auspices, with letters of recommendation from leading white citizens to influential Britons, and followed by the best wishes of the colored citizens, who held a mass meeting the evening previous to his departure, commending him to the care and confidence of all lovers of liberty in England, he sailed the 18th of July, 1849.

In the Old World Doctor Brown's reception was most flattering. A large and enthusiastic meeting held in the Rotunda at Dublin, and presided over by James Haughton, Esq., was the scene of his first introduction. After spending twenty days in Ireland, Doctor Brown started for Paris. The members of the Peace Congress were somewhat surprised on the last day of the session when the American ex-slave made a speech. His reception was most flattering; his address created a profound sensation. At its conclusion the speaker was warmly greeted by Victor Hugo, president of the Congress, and many other distinguished men.

Upon his return to England, George Thompson, Esq., was among the first to greet him; and at a very large meeting held in Music Hall, Bedford Square, and presided

over by Sir Francis Knowles, Bart., many distinguished public men spoke. This was a most flattering reception. While abroad Doctor Brown published his first book, "Three Years in Europe," a work which at once placed him high as an author; this was followed by "Cottelle" in 1853; in 1854, "Sketches of Places and People Abroad"; in 1863, "The Black Man"; "The Negro in the Rebellion," 1866; "The Rising Son" in 1885; and "My Southern Home."

Doctor Brown was the recipient of many congratulations on his work as an author, and the British press vied with their American brothers in doing honor to this new star in the world of letters.

Besides writing his books, Doctor Brown was a regular contributor to the columns of the London *Daily News*, *The Liberator*, Frederick Douglass' paper, and the *National Anti-Slavery Standard*. In addition to his literary labors, he was busily engaged in the study of medicine.

After travelling extensively for six years, Doctor Brown returned to the United States in 1854; and a welcome meeting was held in Tremont Temple, with Francis Jackson, Esq., in the chair, and at which Wendell Phillips said: "I rejoice that our friend Brown went abroad; I rejoice still more that he has returned. The black man comes home to no liberty but the liberty of suffering — to struggle in fetters for the welfare of his race. It is a magnanimous sym-

pathy with his blood that brings him back. I honor it. We meet to do it honor. Franklin's motto was, '*Ubi libertas, ubi patria*,'—'Where liberty is, there is my country.' Had our friend adopted that for his rule, he would have stayed in Europe. Liberty for him is there. The colored man who returns, like our friend, to labor, crushed and despised, for his race, sails under a higher flag. His motto is: 'Where my country is, there will I bring liberty.'" Doctor Brown did not enter immediately upon the practice of his profession, but continued with renewed vigor in the fight for the freedom of his race. In traveling through his native country he felt keenly the difference between this country and Europe in its treatment of the colored man. He gives an amusing account of his passage on the steamer between Ithaca and Cayuga Bridge:

"When the bell rang for breakfast I went to the table, where I found some twenty or thirty persons. I had scarcely taken my seat when a rather snobby-appearing man of dark complexion began rubbing his hands, and, turning up his nose, called the steward and said to him: 'Is it the custom on this boat to put niggers at the table with white people?'"

"The servant stood for a moment as if uncertain what reply to make, when the passenger continued: 'Go tell the captain that I want him.' Away went the steward. I knew well for what the captain was wanted. However, as I was hungry I com-

menced helping myself to what I saw before me, though keeping an eye on the door through which the captain was soon to make his appearance. As the steward returned and I heard the heavy boots of the commander on the stairs, a happy thought struck me, and I eagerly watched for the coming in of the officer. A moment more and a strong voice called out:

"'Who wants me?'"

"I answered at once, 'I, sir.'"

"'What do you wish?' asked the captain.

"'I want you to take this man from the table,' said I.

"At this unexpected turn of affairs the whole cabin broke out into roars of laughter, while my rival on the opposite side of the table seemed bursting with rage. The captain, who had joined in the merriment, said:

"'Why do you want him taken from the table?'"

"'Is it your custom, captain,' said I, 'to let niggers sit at table with white folks on your boat?'"

"This question, together with the fact that the other passenger had sent for the officer, and that I had stolen his thunder, appeared to please the company very much, who gave themselves up to laughter, while the Southern-looking man left the cabin with the exclamation, 'Damn fools!'"

Doctor Brown was long connected with the temperance cause in Massachusetts. The Grand Division of the Sons of Temperance of Massachusetts elected him Grand Worthy Associate of that body, thus giving him a seat in the National Division of the Sons



of Temperance of North America, where, at its meeting in Boston in 1871 his speech in behalf of admission of colored delegates from Maryland, will long be remembered.

Doctor Brown was ably seconded in all his efforts by his lovely and estimable wife, formerly Miss Annie Gray of Cambridge, Mass. Mrs. Brown came from a well-known Massachusetts family, and is a sister of Horace J. Gray, Esq., of Cambridge, for many years deputy collector of the Internal Revenue under Charles W. Slack, Esq., at Boston, Mass. Mrs. Brown was noted for her beauty, when as Miss Annie Gray she won the heart of the talented doctor; she was of great value to her illustrious husband in his literary work, and became closely identified with him in all his labors. Their joint efforts for the spread of temperance among the colored people of Boston deserve the highest praise.

While in discharge of his duties as organizer for "The National Association for the Spread of Temperance and Night Schools Among the Freed People at the South," in 1871, in the state of Kentucky, he became a victim of the Ku-Klux, and only his ready wit and knowledge of medicine saved his life.

Another incident that was always told by the doctor with great pride, and which showed his keen appreciation of humor, self-possession and fertility of resource in an emergency, occurred in the winter of 1844 at Aurora, New York:

Doctor Brown was advertised to

speak in the old church, which was filled to overflowing with an audience made up mostly of men who had previously determined that the meeting should not be held. The time for opening the meeting had already arrived, and the speaker was introduced by my father, as chairman.

The coughing, whistling, stamping of feet, and other noises made by the assemblage, showed the prejudice existing against the anti-slavery cause, the doctrines of which the speaker was there to advocate. This tumult lasted for half an hour or more, during which time unsalable eggs, peas and other missiles were liberally thrown at the speaker. One of the eggs took effect on the doctor's face, spattering over his nicely ironed shirt bosom, and giving him a somewhat ungainly appearance, which kept the audience in roars of laughter at the expense of our fugitive friend.

Becoming tired of this sort of fun, and getting his Southern blood fairly roused, Doctor Brown, who, driven from the pulpit, was standing in front of the altar, nerved himself up, assumed a dramatic air, and said: "I shall not attempt to address you; no, I would not speak to you if you wanted me to. However, let me tell you one thing; and that is, if you had been in the South a slave as I was, none of you would ever have had the courage to escape; none but cowards would do as you have done here tonight."

Doctor Brown gradually proceeded into a narrative of his own life and escape from the South. The intense

interest connected with the various incidents, as he related them, chained the audience to their seats, and for an hour and a half he spoke, making one of the most eloquent appeals ever heard in that section in behalf of his race. I have often heard my father speak of it as an effort worthy of our greatest statesmen.

Before the commencement of the meeting the mob had obtained a bag of flour, taking it up into the belfry of the church, directly over the entrance door, with the intention of throwing it over the speaker as he should pass out. One of the mob had been sent in with orders to keep as close to the doctor as he could, and who was to give the signal for the throwing of the flour.

So great was the influence of the speaker on this man that his opinions were changed; and instead of giving the word, he warned the doctor of the impending danger, saying, "When you hear the cry of 'Let it slide!' look out for the flour." The fugitive had no sooner learned these facts than he determined to have a little fun at the expense of others.

Pressing his way forward, and getting near a group of the most respectable of the company, including two clergymen, a physician, and a justice of the peace, he moved along with them, and as they passed under the belfry the doctor cried out at the top of his voice, "Let it slide!" when down came the flour upon the heads of some of our best citizens, which created the wildest excitement, and caused the arrest of those engaged in the disturbance.

Everybody regarded Doctor Brown's aptness in this matter as a splendid joke; and for many days after the watchword of the boys was, "Let it slide!"

[Extract from "Moore's Memoirs of Doctor Brown."]

Doctor Brown was a handsome, well-formed man, somewhat above middle height. He had a pleasing countenance. As a man of letters he won the brightest laurels of his riper years, although he was very successful in his chosen profession of medicine.

No eulogy of Doctor Brown is needed. The speeches delivered and books written by him exhibit depth of thought, flights of eloquence, and a conception of statesmanship calculated to throw the haughty master of such a man far in the background. His work speaks for itself.

It is well for us of this generation, removed by thirty-seven years from the maelstrom of slavery in which such men struggled, it is well for us to ponder the history of these self-made men of our race, and mark the progress they made with nothing but the husks of living to stimulate the soul thirsting for the springs of knowledge.

How many of us today can occupy and fill their vacant places? Not alone *occupy*, but *fill* them. Alas! how few, when we consider our advantages. If much is given, much is required. An ignorant man will trust to luck for success; an educated man will *make* success. God helps those who help themselves.

## EDITORIAL AND PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

*To our Subscribers, Agents and Friends: Greeting—and a Happy New Year.*

WE feel special cause for congratulation at this time, when each mail brings us increasing evidence of the widespread interest our magazine is arousing throughout the length and breadth of the land. That our readers have been well pleased with our efforts to give them the best in the literature and art of the race, has already been proven by the countless letters of commendation received. Each issue will, however, be an improvement on the one before, as we have made arrangements looking to the publication, during this new year, of the very best writings of some of the leaders of our people.

The new serial, *Hagar's Daughter*, by Sarah A. Allen, which will begin in the March issue, will be one of the chief attractions of the year. Miss Allen, who is fast becoming one of the leading writers of the race, has put her best effort into this her latest story. It is a powerful narrative of love and intrigue, founded on events which happened in the exciting times immediately following the assassination of President Lincoln: a story of the Republic in the power of Southern caste prejudice toward the Negro. It will be beautifully illustrated by Mr. Skeete, our regular staff artist.

In the series of Interesting History and Biography, by S. E. F. C. C.

Hamedoe, a professor F. G. S. I., we are pleased to announce the following additional sketches: Six Hawaiian Kings: Kamehameha I., II., III., IV., and Liholiho and Kalakana the Great; Randama I., Rainilaiarivony, prime minister to Her Most Gracious Majesty, Rainilanomjak's Government of the Island Kingdom of Madagascar; Seyed Bargosh, Sultan of Zinzibar; Malietoa and Mataafa, rival kings of the Navigator Islands, or the Island Kingdom of Samoa. This series will also be fully illustrated. Further announcement will be made from month to month.

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Whenever we hear the names of Gloucester and New Bedford, our minds immediately turn toward the finny denizens of the briny deep.

The hardships and adventures of the brawny sailors who keep the markets' stock supplied are many and thrilling. On nearly every vessel which sails from these ports we have colored men occupying positions from captain, first and second mate, down to the cabin-boy. Mr. Edw. B. Jourdain, a prominent lawyer, who is our special correspondent from New Bedford, will tell our readers in an early issue, of "Whales and Whaleries," and of the many "officers of vessels," together with the "business men otherwise engaged" in that city.

~~~~~  
The contributor of "Blank in World's History" will please send name and address.

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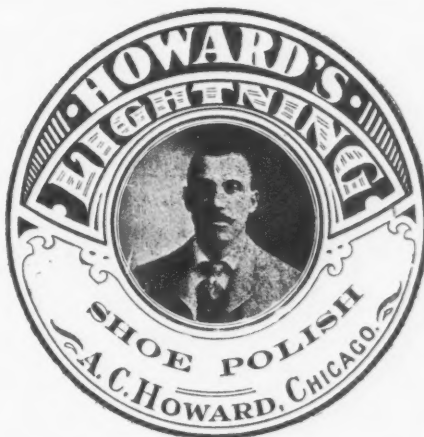
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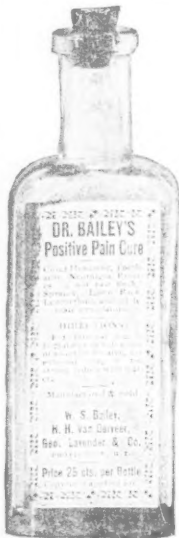
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